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Chevrolet. The Trucks You Can Depend On.



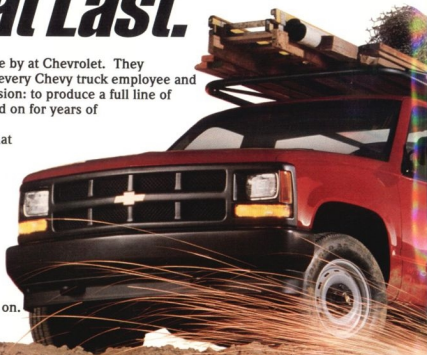
The Trucks That Last.

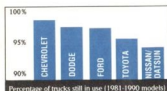
Those are the words we live by at Chevrolet. They represent a vision shared by every Chevy truck employee and dealer in the country. The vision: to produce a full line of trucks that people can depend on for years of hardworking use.

Each year we've realized that vision with products that provide greater value and quality. And, perhaps most important of all, with products that last.

Now we're ready to do it again. With a full line of trucks that is the finest in Chevrolet's 80-year history. The 1992 Chevrolets.

The trucks you can depend on.
The trucks that last.





• Traditionally, Chevys last longer, on average, than any other full line of trucks. These registration figures from the past 10 years prove it.*

Over 98% of all Chevys sold in the past 10 years are still on the job.* That's the highest percentage of any full-line truck company.

And as a Chevy gets older, the news gets better: Chevy full-size pickups bring top dollar at resale time. In fact, independent research shows they have the best resale value in the business.



• Chevy Astro is the only mid-size van with standard 4-wheel anti-lock brakes, a 6000-pound towing capacity,* available 200-horsepower engine and available seating for eight.

Chevy also has the biggest selection of trucks available—over 100 models to choose from.

And all of them are backed by one of the best warranties in the business. A 3-year/36,000-mile Bumper Plus Warranty. With no deductible.**

In addition, every Chevy pickup, Blazer, Astro and Suburban comes equipped with standard rear-wheel or 4-wheel anti-lock brakes.†† That's a degree of dependability unmatched in our industry. And a powerful example of Chevrolet's commitment to your safety.

Dependability is a key factor in the popularity of Chevy's patented Insta-Trac™ system, too. In fact, so many people have come to depend on Insta-Trac, it's now the most relied-upon 4x4 system in America.

And here's something else you can count on: Insta-Trac is standard on all Chevy 4x4s, from Blazers to pickups. More proof that wherever you go on this planet, Chevy trucks are the trucks you can depend on.

• Chevy full-size pickup has the best rust protection in the business. One more reason why it's America's best-selling truck.



• Chevy S10 pickup has the biggest V6 you can get in a compact pickup—a 4.3 Liter V6.

Here's one more cold, hard fact any truck owner will appreciate: Chevy trucks have the most two-side-galvanized steel of any full-size pickup. Plus a protective layer of standard base-coat/clear-coat paint.

The result is the best rust protection in the business.



• Chevy S10 Blazer is the only sport utility vehicle in its class with standard 4-wheel anti-lock brakes. Now available with push-button Insta-Trac 4-wheel drive.

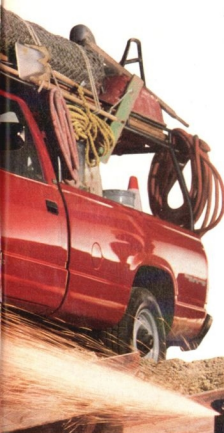
Something Chevy owners have come to depend on through years of hardworking use. No wonder Chevy full-size pickup is America's best-selling truck.***

See your Chevy dealer. And see for yourself. These are the trucks you can depend on. The trucks that last.



**The Heartbeat of America
is Winning™**

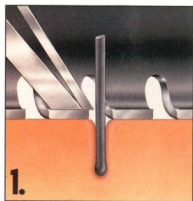
Buckle up, America! Chevrolet, the Chevrolet emblem, S10, Blazer, Astro and Suburban are registered trademarks and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. ©1991 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. *Based on registration data, 1981-1990. †When properly equipped, includes trailer, equipment, passengers and cargo. **See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this limited warranty. ††Rear wheel anti-lock brakes operate in 2WD only. ***Based on truck registration data model year to date.



TO BELIEVE OUR BLADES CAN SHAVE BELOW YOUR SKIN IN TOTAL COMFORT, YOU NEED A CLEAR CUT EXPLANATION.

It sounds impossible.

But this ability is exactly why Norelco's patented "Lift and Cut"™ system gives you such



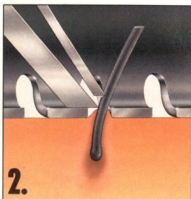
Razor combs quickly direct hair to the "Lift and Cut" system.

a remarkably close shave. And a totally comfortable one.

In front of the blade, Norelco® has engineered a precision lifter. When the lifter notches into a hair, it lifts it up. As the blade cuts it, the hair shaft can actually drop back

below the skin.

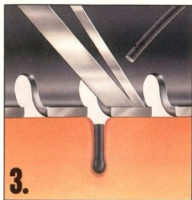
The result of this process is an incredibly close shave. It's incredibly comfortable too, because the blades don't even touch your face.



Lifter notches into the hair and lifts it up.

Imagine this multiplied by as many as 45 blade and lifter combinations spinning at 2,000 rpm, and you have some idea of the phenomenal nature of this technology.

Experience the Norelco. Then, the feeling of getting an



Blade cuts lifted hair which then drops back below the skin level.

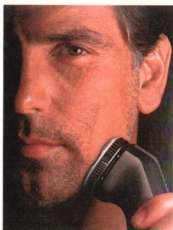
exceptionally close and amazingly comfortable shave couldn't be more clear cut.



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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COVER Photograph for TIME by Dennis Chalkin

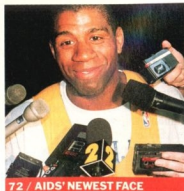
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34 / AMERICAN MEDICINE IS THE BEST, IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT



52 / YUGOSLAV VICTIMS



72 / AIDS' NEWEST FACE



Where there's a healthy

At McDonald's®, we've always served the basics: meat, potatoes, bread and dairy products. Simple good food has been a constant ever since we began. And for as long as we've been making hamburgers, we've constantly searched for new products and new ways of cooking to make our good food even better.

Like switching to 100% vegetable oil to cook our french

fries and hash browns. The same way we've cooked our Filet-O-Fish®, McChicken®, Chicken McNuggets® and hot fruit pies for years.



Switching to vegetable oil reduces saturated fat and eliminates cholesterol altogether in our french fries and hash browns.

Lean ground beef has been the foundation of our good taste — always at least 77.5% lean. But we didn't stop there. With the introduction of our new McLean



Our enriched buns not only provide iron, niacin, thiamin and riboflavin, but are also a good source of calcium.

Deluxe™ sandwich, you won't find a leaner beef patty in the business: it's 91% fat-free,* and 100% delicious!™ Also, we fortify our sandwich buns with calcium and enrich them with vitamins and iron.

And we've made other big changes when it comes to reducing fat. We've switched from 2% to 1% lowfat milk and replaced regular milk shakes and soft serve with low-fat milk shakes and lowfat frozen yogurt.



attitude toward change.

Both are 99.5% fat-free. And many of our restaurants now offer 100% fat-free fruit sorbet desserts.

We've reduced fat in our Chicken McNuggets. Introduced reduced-calorie salad dressings, plus whole-grain breakfast cereals and fat-free, cholesterol-free Apple Bran Muffins to start your day right.

What else has been going down



Our lowfat milk shakes, and frozen yogurt taste great, and are 99.5% fat free.

at McDonald's? Sodium. We've decreased the salt added to our hamburger patties by 50%. And the sodium in our breakfast sausage by 32%, hotcakes by 30% and pickles by 21%.

And McDonald's is testing still more ideas to offer you good nutrition. New products like chicken fajitas that are low in fat and calories. Fresh fruit. Pastas.



We've reduced sodium in a large part of our menu, an improvement that doesn't sacrifice taste.

Hearty soups. Fresh carrot and celery sticks. And new ways of cooking.

McDonald's is committed to making sure that when you've got an appetite for healthy food, we'll always have the choices to satisfy you.



*Lean beef patty contains 9% fat before cooking. For complete nutrition and ingredient information, see your restaurant manager. © 1991 McDonald's Corporation

FROM THE PUBLISHER

When we at TIME decided to issue a collection of Hugh Sidey's essays on U.S. Presidents, there was never a doubt as to who would be the publisher. A 1989 winner while at Harvard of one of our College Achievement Awards, Luke Ives Pontifell is a member of the extended TIME family. He received his prize for founding Thornwillow Press, an enterprise that is dedicated to issuing limited editions of exquisitely designed, hand-printed books. "The goal is to create beautiful, durable books that can carry inspiring events and exciting ideas into the future," says Pontifell, 23. "Today's primary means of communication, like newspapers and television, are effective but ephemeral. We don't want today's ideas to become tomorrow's trash."

Pontifell's philosophy was shaped early. From his mother, a sculptor, he learned a reverence for craftsmanship, and from his father, an advertising creative director, he derived a love for the written word. Growing up in a 200-year-old farmhouse in West Stockbridge, Mass., he made toys and wrote poems in calligraphy.

In his teens Pontifell took a printing course and promptly fell

in love. "There's nothing like running your fingers over the letters on a newly printed page," he says. "It enhances the way you experience the words." At age 16 he leased his own letterpress, and

Thornwillow was born. His first coup was printing historian William L. Shirer's memoir of the U.S. bombing of Hiroshima. Since then Thornwillow has published works by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Helmut Kohl. This week it brings out *The Presidency* by Hugh Sidey. The book is available through Thornwillow Press in New York City; \$300 leather, \$75 cloth.

Pontifell and Sidey were delighted by the collaboration. "I had read Hugh's essays for years and leaped at the chance to print them," says Pontifell. For Sidey, meeting Luke recalled his youth as a printer at the Iowa newspaper his great-grandfather founded. "I consider Luke an adopted son," he says. Sidey believes TIME co-founder Henry Luce would also feel an affinity. "Luce complained

each week about putting out the magazine, but when he got a copy fresh off the presses, he would lift it, smell it, ruffle the pages. For a while, all was well with the world."



Pontifell and Sidey outside the White House

"There's nothing like running your fingers over the letters on a newly printed page. It enhances the way you experience the words."

L. Ives Pontifell

Amazing results:

After five years, 7 out of 10 NordicTrack owners still use their machines more than 3 times per week.

The most effective aerobic exercise machine on the market.

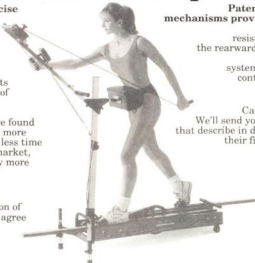
In 1988, Maritz Marketing Research conducted a survey among NordicTrack owners who had owned their machines for more than five years. Their findings showed that fully 69% of respondents still use their machines an average of 3.5 sessions per week, 25 minutes per session.

Their reason is simple. They have found that NordicTrack not only exercises more muscles and burns more calories in less time than many other machines on the market, but that it's mentally and physically more stimulating and enjoyable as well.

Cross-country skiing—the best aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, which experts agree is the best form of aerobic exercise. Better than biking, hydraulic cylinder rowing, running or swimming.

It works all the major muscle groups in your body: arms, shoulders, back, stomach, legs. Which means you achieve your fitness and weight-loss goals quickly and easily.



Patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanisms provide true cross-country ski action.

NordicTrack features proportional resistance, which places primary effort on the rearward stride just like cross-country skiing.

Unlike shuffle-type ski exercises, the system allows you to develop a rhythm and continuity of motion that makes exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.

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*If
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KISSED*

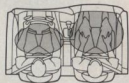
*you
ALREADY
KNOW*

*THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY*

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COGNAC
Hennessy

INTRODUCING THE NEW MAZDA 929. THE FIRST LUXURY SEDAN THAT DOESN'T DEPEND ENTIRELY ON LUXURY TO MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD.

Why should the rewards of owning a fine automobile be restricted to the purely physical? It was this unconventional thinking that ultimately led to the new Mazda 929. A luxury sedan conceived not by corporate committee but by a fine artist. Resulting in aesthetics that may strike a somewhat deeper chord in you than cars normally do. And to help satisfy your desire for environmental responsibility, we've eliminated 70% of our manufacturing waste. Further distinguishing the new 929 from automobiles that rely on extravagance as their sole appeal. Of course, you can also savor the eager yet smooth acceleration

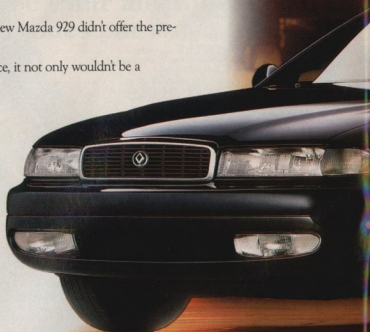


of its 24-valve V6 engine, the security of standard air bags for both driver and passenger and the supple contours of its

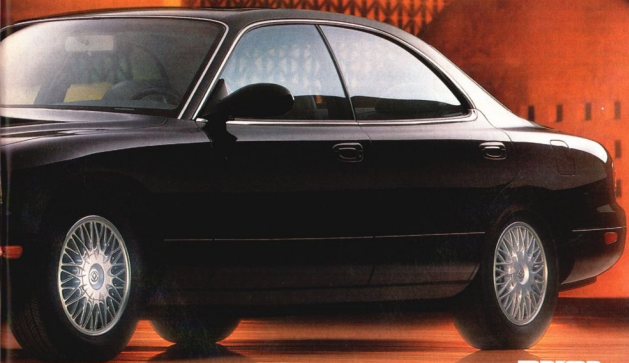
leather-trimmed upholstery.* And after all, if the new Mazda 929 didn't offer the pre-requisites of uncommon comfort and performance, it not only wouldn't be a luxury sedan. It wouldn't be a Mazda.

THE MAZDA 929

The only car in its class with dual air bags standard. ABS. 3.0L, 24-valve V6 engine. Multi-link suspension. *Available leather-trimmed upholstery. First car with available solar-powered ventilation system. 36-month/50,000-mile limited warranty. No-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" protection. See your dealer for details. For a free brochure on the new 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.



*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels, and other minor areas.
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LETTERS

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

"Don't give up on the traditionalists just yet."

A. Reid Allison Jr., M.D.
State College, Pa.



It's time that conventional medicine experience a catharsis [HEALTH, Nov. 4]. If it takes something new like the various forms of alternative medicine you describe to make the medical establishment realize that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction with the "take a pill, call me in the morning" approach, then so be it.

Paul E. Lemal, Director
American Integrated Healthcare Association
Atlanta

As a practicing physician for the past 13 years, I was very disgruntled to read about alternative medicine. The days of snake-oil patent medicines should be over, not undergoing a revival. People will eventually come to realize that the best health-care provider is the physician and not alternative gimmickery. I hope it will not be too late to reverse the damage that will be done by charlatans who have failed to correctly diagnose a disease or have treated a patient in an ineffective manner.

David S. Weinstein, D.O.
Jacksonville

Funding for scientific research on the more beneficial practices of alternative medicine must be increased. Only with properly publicized research will the medical establishment be forced to open its collective mind. The incorporation of these

disciplines into the mainstream of modern medical education will certainly follow when they are proven to be effective and are widely accepted by the public.

John A. Wolf
Philadelphia

As you correctly point out, traditional medicine has made tremendous strides in health care over the past 30 to 40 years, but nothing like the improvements that are now coming—genetic engineering, organ transplants without fear of the rejection phenomenon, newer and more effective antibiotics and antitumor agents and artificial blood, to note a few. Don't give up on the traditionalists just yet. "Be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor the last to lay the old aside."

A. Reid Allison Jr., M.D.
State College, Pa.

It is a daunting task to sort out the differences, profound and trivial, between Western and Eastern modes of medical treatment. And now, given the increasing variety of methods available, in addition to the usual questions I sometimes feel compelled to ask, Is this really the right treatment? I have tried a number of alternatives with varying degrees of success. One that possesses a modicum of integrity is reflexology. Certain types of therapeutic massage are another. Biofeedback is O.K., although it often resembles a lie-detector test. (What else but Western science would require a roomful of electronic gadgetry to verify that a patient is uncomfortable?) Herbs and crystals are of doubtful value and best left to self-indulgent but generally healthy individuals.

Lisa Luedtke
Washington

I laughed so hard reading the first two columns of your story that I aggravated my aching back. If Claudia Wallis' beautifully written article had not pleased me so much I would have sued her for causing me pain.

Denes Marsh
Los Angeles

You're quite right about the importance to health of lowering the level of stress. For reducing stress, many Europeans already know and many Americans are learning that few things work as well as a visit to a nudist resort. Your readers won't believe this until they try it. Many humans subconsciously put aside a portion of stress-inducing competitiveness when we set aside our clothes.

Gary J. Brown, Executive Director
Nudist/Naturist Information Agency
Oaktown, Va.

P.T. Barnum would have loved your article. There is still a sucker born every minute. I hope the partially educated health-care administrators already trying to tell

me how to manage my patients' care do not add all the methods of alternative medicine to their agenda.

Warren W. Francis, M.D.
Providence

Why Did Communism Fail?

Michael Kinsley writes that the West had "an inordinate fear of communism," just as President Jimmy Carter said in 1977 [ESSAY, Nov. 4]. Yet this dread was justified, especially in the 1970s, when the Soviets projected power into Africa and Asia and threatened to achieve nuclear dominance in Europe with their SS-20 deployment. Reagan's military buildup convinced the Soviet Union that it could not win an arms race, and helped push the Soviet economy over the edge. If Reagan claims the credit for that, who is to gainsay him?

Anthony Paul Martin
London

Kinsley's article "Just Why Did Communism Fail?" should be retitled "Just Why Did Communism Last So Long?" The author supplies the answer in discussing America's fear of communism, which legitimized a clearly flawed system. The Soviet people must have asked themselves, Why do Americans react to communism with such fear?, and reached the conclusion that communism was a valid competitor to capitalism. This erroneous belief had the Soviet people holding on to a system that was incapable of supplying them with basic necessities. The Reagan policy delayed communism's fall and, as Kinsley states, made the American people victims of our own "inordinate fear."

Joseph L. Irrera
New Orleans

Killing Power

Your article on the massacre of 23 people in Killeen, Texas, by gunman George Hennard left me numb with shock and disbelief [NATION, Oct. 28]. How many more murders are required in a rational country like America for Congress to realize that gun control makes sense? "Guns don't kill people, people do" is a foolish argument. The range of firearms available in the U.S. market gives unimaginable killing power to just about anybody. Would a gun-control opponent care to answer this question: Could Hennard have done as much damage with a knife or other weapon as he did with a gun?

Sanjeet Dutt
Bombay

Coal Mining's Toll

There is no place in the coal industry for the type of mine operations Ted Gup described in "The Curse of Coal" [BUSINESS, Nov. 4]. Irresponsible or outlaw coal

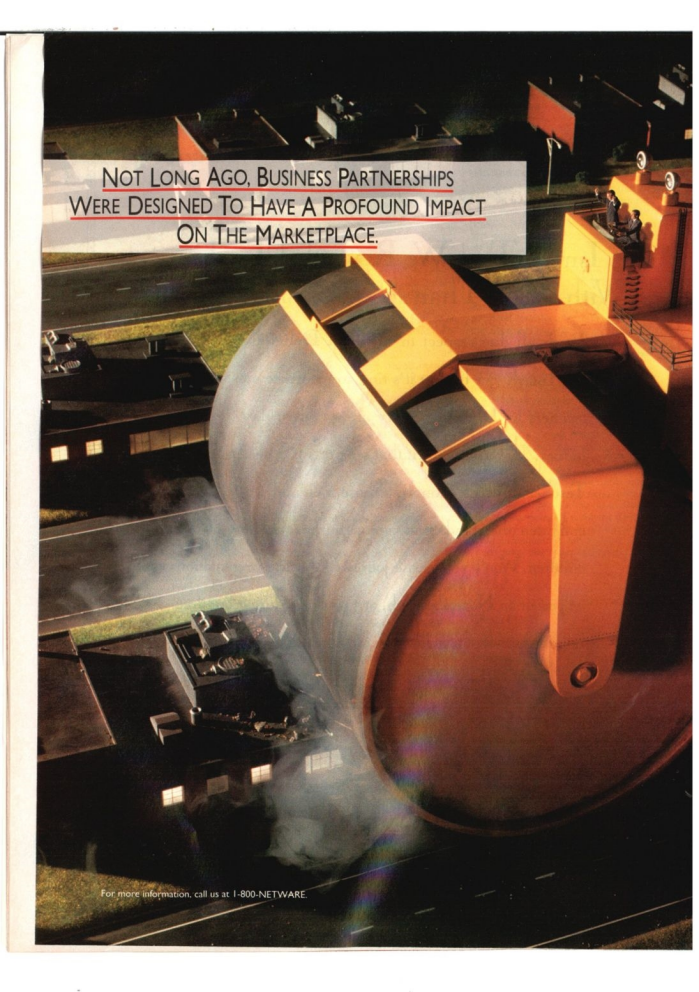


Isn't It Time We Rewarded Teachers With More Than An Occasional Apple?

With all due respect to the Red Delicious and the McIntosh, we believe it's time to recognize outstanding teachers for what they truly are—modern day, unsung heroes. It is in this spirit that we present The American Teacher Awards, honoring those men and women who enlighten the minds and ignite the imaginations of our children. Won't you please join us? Our live presentation will occur on November 24th, at 7 p.m. ET/PT, during our free holiday preview. Exclusively on The Disney Channel.



The Walt Disney Company Presents The American Teacher Awards
Funded in part by The Coca-Cola Company and Delta Air Lines.



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ON THE MARKETPLACE.

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Because many partnerships were created to knock competitors out, rather than allow co-operators in. At Novell, we're determined to change all that. Sure, we're a market leader.

In fact, more different kinds of computers talk to each other through Novell NetWare® than any other network software on earth.

But just being a leader is not enough.

That's why we form partnerships on the behalf of customers.

And, manifestly, information is shared, co-operation is insured, and customers' needs are met. What's more, we use our market leadership to help anyone who can use it. Anyone.

We call that "responsible leadership."

It's not a new concept.

It's not something we invented.

It's simply something we do.



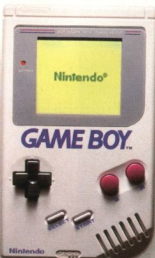
The Past, Present, and Future of
Network Computing.

STAND
ON LEFT
WALK
ON RIGHT



Have you had your fun today?

► Sure, you did everything you were supposed to do today. That's what adults do. Because they're responsible. They want people to like them. And give them paychecks. ► And then one day they go berserk, and spend money they don't have on a car they can't pronounce. Don't let this happen to you. Get your fun in easy daily doses with Game Boy,™ the personal game-playing system from Nintendo.► But it's a toy, you're thinking. I couldn't possibly be interested. Oh yeah? Golf.



on the train to work, without having to shoot around the old ladies.► But golf is just one of over a hundred game cartridges to choose from.



There's a full range of sports, puzzle and adventure games as well. And the first cartridge is on us. It's Tetris; the jigsaw puzzle that fights back.► Look, it's no secret that having fun everyday makes you a happier person. If that doesn't appeal to you, find someone on **Nintendo**™ your holiday list who's not as hopelessly grown-up as you are, get them a Game Boy system and stand back. If

Interested? Golf on Game Boy requires the judgement and skill of the real thing, and you can play it anywhere. So you can get in a quick nine

all that fun still leaves you cold, we remind you, there's a day planner for Game Boy as well.

Have You Had Your Fun Today?™

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LETTERS

operators give the rest of the industry a black eye. But by singling out the problems in a few Logan, W. Va., mines and not mentioning the majority of producers in that state and across America—those operating safe and productive mines—Gup does the entire industry a disservice. The majority of coal producers have achieved much in the past two decades, especially in health and safety. Since passage of the 1969 Mine Safety and Health Act, coal-mine fatalities are down 78%. Even a single injury or fatality, however, is one too many. Make no mistake, coal mining is not an easy job and has the potential to be dangerous. That is why our miners are highly trained and earn more than \$35,000 annually. Eighty percent of the coal produced in the U.S. each year is used to generate 60% of the nation's electricity, the lowest-cost electricity in the world. And most of it was mined safely and economically. If it wasn't, we wouldn't still be in business.

*Richard L. Lawson, President
National Coal Association
Washington*

My mother, sister and I were among those who got out of the coalfields of Nemaquin, Pa., after my high school graduation in 1960. My dad, like his father, was a miner and died at age 44. The mines were working only one day a week when we left.

My heart goes out to the members of the United Mine Workers of America, who have lived through years of antiunionism.

*Steve Popovich
Nashville*

On Dec. 18, 1878, my great-grandfather Jack Kehoe was hanged by the state of Pennsylvania for trying to better the working conditions of the anthracite-coal miners in Schuylkill County. He was exonerated by the same state in 1978. It appears that his death was in vain. Very little has changed for the better.

*Margaret J. Flaherty
Brodbecks, Pa.*

Push-Button Sailing

As a longtime sailing enthusiast, I applaud the advances in design of modern sailing craft like *Amoco Procyon* [DESIGN, Oct. 28]. Because of them, we now have lighter, faster, safer boats that are affordable by more people. However, I do question the need for the many modern conveniences. Also what would my husband do on board? He loves to tinker. He would feel useless and bored on the high-tech *Procyon*. It sounds as if this boat doesn't need people at all to ply the waters.

*Lynda Edwards
Spring, Texas*

U.S. schools are often criticized as not producing graduates capable of designing products. In that context it is interesting to note that the hydraulic system that moves the 13,000-lb. keel of the sailboat *Amoco Procyon* was designed by the students and faculty of the Milwaukee School of Engineering. Just give the students an opportunity to perform, and they will.

*Hermann Viets, President
Milwaukee School of Engineering
Milwaukee*

High tech or no (and, trust me, the tech stuff will fail someday on any sailboat that spends time at sea), the *Procyon* is still a "leaner." You can be comfortable on a boat like that only if one of your legs is shorter than the other. You have to bake your cake on one tack and serve it on the other if you don't want it to appear lopsided. Those of us who are interested in sailing fast and comfortably know enough to sail on trimarans.

*Joanne Sandstrom
Berkeley*

Giving the Public What It Wants

I found the comments of American Airlines chairman Robert Crandall infuriating [INTERVIEW, Oct. 28]. Arguing with a customer about his needs and perceptions,

DINE ON A SUBMARINE THIS EVENING.

LETTERS

denying data, justifying negative trends and inconveniences, arguing that effectiveness and efficiency are mutually exclusive, and insisting that all other businesses are easier as part of a proven formula for corporate extinction. Crandall's attitudes are reminiscent of those found in fallen American industries such as automobiles, steel and electronics.

*Linda James
Gibsonia, Pa.*

Crandall says airplane seats are closer together because "that's what the public wants," linking his conclusion with the public's desire for a cheap seat. Ergo: a cheap seat will of necessity be a cramped seat. Pure sophistry! I can't imagine anyone voting for smaller, cramped seating, which is what he suggests. But I can envision him hanging us from the ceiling on meat hooks one day, if he can get away with it. Comfort and safety be damned! Profit is what Crandall is all about.

*Jack Sheridan
Chicago*

Let me come to the defense of Crandall and deregulation. I go way back, to the old prop-plane days. It was nicer then: I bought a ticket, checked my luggage, got on the plane carrying only a purse and was off. In those days no one ever carried on

any bags, so the overhead storage was smaller, and you didn't conk your head on it. The seats were roomier; everything was more genteel. But few people could afford to fly back then. Sure fares are going up, what isn't? I'm 86 and love to travel, and I've flown more than the average person. I say the airlines have done, and are doing, a fantastic job. Let's hope they are allowed to continue to do so.

*Naomi W. Higginbotham
Phoenix*

In response to your interviewer's question, "Why do you oppose cities spending so much to expand their airports?," Crandall answered that it was because they cost a lot of money. He claimed that the public doesn't build airports, the airlines do, saying that bonds for airport construction are "guaranteed by the airlines on the basis of long-term leases." In point of fact, some, but by no means all, airport bonds are guaranteed by the airline leases. Airport funding also comes from ticket taxes, and many cities provide land and facility assets at no cost. In the final analysis, it is the public that pays for airports, and we think they are willing to finance new facilities and expansion of existing ones.

*George Howard, President
Airports Association Council International
Washington*

Regulatory Shenanigans

I found the actions of Vice President Dan Quayle's Council on Competitiveness enabling farmers and builders to circumvent environmental laws on wetlands highly disturbing [NATION, Nov. 4]. Apparently, Quayle and his panel are not able to understand some basic ecological concepts about the value of wetlands. I am certain that my fifth-grade class and I could enlighten them about the need to protect a rapidly dwindling natural resource that is so important to the environment.

*Philip Downes
Sidney, Maine*

The Vice President and his supporters may think his efforts to help polluters circumvent the Clean Air Act are shrewd. There is nothing smart about evading environmental laws. Quayle's actions are blatantly illegal and pose, in addition, a fundamental threat to our democratic process.

*Henry A. Waxman, Chairman
U.S. House of Representatives
Subcommittee on Health
and the Environment
Washington*

Quayle's Council on Competitiveness sounds like the taxpayers' last chance to protect themselves against unelected bu-



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LETTERS

reaucrats producing legislation by regulations. Statutory regulations unleashed on us are bad enough. I say, Keep up the good work, Dan Quayle.

*Christine Kadlub
Fort Collins, Colo.*

Remembrance of Things Past

Your article about the unreliability of memory [BEHAVIOR, Oct. 28] makes one wonder about the trustworthiness of recollections that date back a half-century and play a role in the Nazi war-crime trials in Australia and overseas. If we can't trust memories of events 10 years ago how can there be an accurate recollection of what happened 45 to 50 years ago? Memories are also subject to accretion, in which details occurring since then are added.

*Geoffrey Muir, Secretary
Australian Civil Liberties Union
Carlton, Australia*

The Global Baby Chase

In a country like India, which has 15% of the world's population and 1.5% of its income, millions with large families, if given a chance, would opt to have a child or two adopted overseas—provided they knew for sure that their offspring would have a secure future [SOCIETY, Oct. 21]. Instead of

offering a mere 1,200 or so babies for adoption each year, India alone could fill the needs of the entire U.S. And what could be better than to have thousands of little ambassadors of goodwill working for us!

*Bhim S. Makhija
New Delhi*

Getting Personal

"I'm curious as to the percentage of women to men who are reading the letters on sexual harassment and are making the decisions about which ones get published," wrote Richard P. Moses of Sumter, S.C. He was referring to the letters we have run in this column on the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill confrontation. Normally two women make the selection with approval from a male editor. Last week a man and woman chose the letters. We have received over 1,400 letters voicing a wide variety of opinions on the Thomas-Hill controversy, of which 26 were published; 14 were from men and 12 from women. The views we presented were pretty evenly split: about half supported Hill, and about half defended Thomas or deplored the Senate committee hearings.

On Being Irish

On the basis of William Henry's enthusiastic review of Irish playwright Brian Friel's *Dancing at Lughnasa*, I can hardly wait to see the story about the joys and sorrows of the five Mundy sisters of Ballybeg [THEATER, Nov. 4]. My parents were born in Ireland, and I can attest to the despair, madness, joy and exhilaration of what it means to be Irish.

*Emily McCormack
Willowbrook, Ill.*

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BY TIME'S REVIEWERS. Compiled by Linda Williams



MOVIES

THE PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS.

Bumbling burglars, wisecracking kids, nasty adults, guilty secrets: this spook sonata sounds like a forced merger of *Home Alone* and *Arsenic and Old Lady*. The movie is all setup and little payoff, but writer-director Wes Craven (the first *Nightmare on Elm Street*) and a good cast make it fun. Sometimes the best part of a horror movie is waiting to be scared.

FRANKIE & JOHNNY. Now that Garry Marshall's comedy about displaced lovers in New York City has proved to be a fall flop, we like it a little more. See it (in an uncrowded theater) for Michelle Pfeiffer's sad beauty, Al Pacino's drooling-puppy ardor, Nathan Lane's good-natured bitchiness.



TELEVISION

CLASSIC WEEKEND II (CBS, Nov. 23-25). CBS has found gold in its rerun vaults. Following last season's high-

rated tributes to *All in the Family* and *Mary Tyler Moore*, the network has put together clips of *M*A*S*H*, *The Bob Newhart Show* and (for a second time) *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

HOT COUNTRY NIGHTS (NBC, debuting Nov. 24, 8 p.m. EST). Dolly Parton failed a few seasons back, but this music series will try again to cash in on the nation's love of country.

LAND OF THE EAGLE (PBS, Nov. 24-27, 8 p.m. on most stations). "For the Cherokee, autumn is a time of great renewal..." If you can survive George Page's droning narration, you'll better appreciate the lush photography in this eight-hour survey of the natural history of North America.



MUSIC

JOHNNY ADAMS SINGS DOC POMUS: THE REAL ME (Rounder). Superb R. and B., recorded in New Orleans this past spring shortly before the death of the songwriter it does so proud. Doc Pomus, who wrote his fair share of classics (*Save the Last Dance for Me*, *This Magic Moment*), had a lyric

finesse that could not only match but also bring out the best in his collaborators. Prominent among them was the estimable Dr. John, who co-wrote seven of these 11 cuts, all sung by Adams with a soul of fire.

ABBEY LINCOLN: YOU GOTTA PAY THE BAND

(Verve). Abbey Lincoln has done it all—supper-club singing, song writing, movie acting (*The Girl Can't Help It*, *For Love of My*). Now on the comeback trail as a jazz diva, she combines the emotions of Billie Holiday with a personal delivery rooted in her own poetic lyrics. Never has her talent been better displayed than on these 10 songs, five of them from her own pen, featuring outstanding backup work by the late tenor-sax great Stan Getz.

DVORAK, SYMPHONY NO. 6; JANACEK, TARAS BULBA

(London). Though Dvorak composed at least four great symphonies in which Czech-flavored melodies flow with Schubertian ease and Brahmsian grandeur, he is known mostly for his ninth, the "New World." Christoph von Dohnanyi leads his Cleveland Orchestra here in a fine performance of the sixth and a deftly dramatic reading of Leo Janacek's programmatic rhapsody *Taras Bulba*.



THEATER

THE HOMECOMING. A quarter-century's passage and a second-rate Broadway revival reveal that what seemed scary, mysterious and darkly funny in Harold Pinter's signature work was mostly just implausible. The one strong performance, by Roy Dotrice as a chortling gutter patriarch, lacks the ferocity of Paul Rogers in the original.

DISTANT FIRES. Race is the issue in a union job contest that embodies many of the conflicts of blue-collar life. Kevin Healan's pungent and poetic language gets a fluid off-Broadway staging by Clark Gregg.

ELMER GANTRY. A robust satiric novel, then a romantic movie, now Sinclair Lewis' tale of a ne'er-do-well turned preacher is a brooding stage musical at California's La Jolla Playhouse.



ART

THEATER IN REVOLUTION: RUSSIAN AVANT-GARDE STAGE DESIGN 1913-1935,

the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco. To many, the birth of Soviet Russia was a heady time that promised freedom from bourgeois artistic shackles. On display are 250 works of art including costume and set designs and posters by such artists as Malevich, Rodchenko and Lissitzky. Through Feb. 16.

WISDOM AND COMPASSION:

THE SACRED ART OF TIBET, IBM Gallery of Science and Art, New York City. A show of 150 scroll paintings and sculptures from the occupied homeland of the Dalai Lama. Through Dec. 28.



ETCETERA

NEW YORK CITY BALLET. The winter season opens with a preview of a new work by ballet master in chief Peter Martins, whose splendid *Sleeping Beauty* was last spring's headliner. Set to Bach's *A Musical Offering*, it will feature eight of the company's glittering principals. Nov. 19 to Feb. 23.

SALZBURG MARIONETTE

THEATER. A strange but mesmerizing take on Mozart's opera is offered by the 78-year-old troupe of master puppeteers whose exquisite dolls take the stage to the accompaniment of first-class recordings. In the repertoire are *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute*. Nov. 19 to Dec. 8 in Toronto, New York City and the Los Angeles area.

ON TRACK

The night before his Pulitzer Prize winner, *The Piano Lesson*, started rehearsals at the Yale Repertory Theater in 1987, August Wilson began drafting the next installment of his 10-play cycle about American black life. That work, *Two Trains Running*, at Washington's Kennedy Center through Dec. 7, is following its predecessors *Fences*, *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom* and *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* on a meticulous route of regional development toward Broadway. Wilson loves blues music, and his plays all have a bluesy structure of alternating humor and lament, rhythm and ritual punctuated by violent outburst. Outwardly a slice of late-1960s life in a Pittsburgh luncheonette where no one speaks of the turbulent public events of the day, *Two Trains* subtly embodies the entire black political dialectic from that time to this—isolation vs. assimilation, hostility toward vs. cooperation with whites, clinging to bitter memory vs. moving on into a better world. The ending is pure serendipity, street crime transmuted into poetry.



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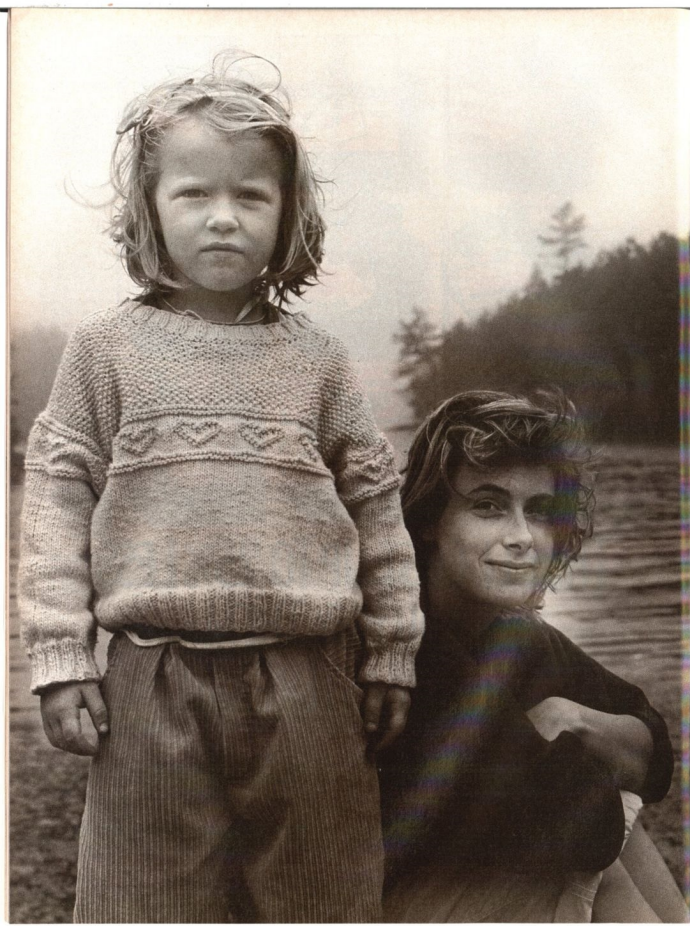
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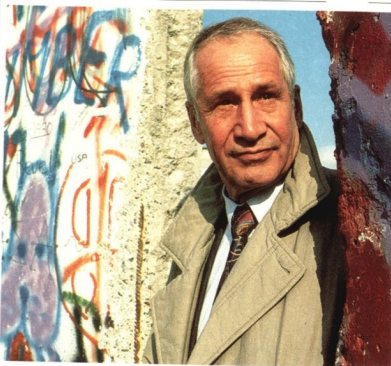
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INTERVIEW

Tales of a Master Spy From the Other Side

The former chief of East German intelligence and the model for John le Carré's *Karla*, **MARKUS WOLF** talks about espionage in the bad old days of the cold war, why he returned from Moscow to face possible imprisonment and what he likes best about his favorite spy novelist

By **DANIEL BENJAMIN** and
JAMES O. JACKSON BERLIN

Q. You worked for the East German foreign intelligence agency for more than three decades. What were your U.S. operations like?

A. Our work concentrated mainly on U.S. targets in West Germany and in West Berlin. It was only at a relatively late stage that we began to establish contacts within the U.S. Our initial efforts were to send in so-called sleepers, or undercover agents. Unfortunately, the first one was uncovered, and he revealed everything he knew. This was a major setback. After the German Democratic Republic opened its embassies in Washington and at the United Nations, we established contacts, but most of the material we managed to obtain by these sources was legal or semilegal. It was not top-secret information. If you are wondering whether we had contacts on a very

high level—no, there was no American Senator or high official on our payroll.

Q. Were you really so unsuccessful?

A. In the 1950s and 1960s we did have a very good source in the American mission in West Berlin—a German in the political section. So I don't want to present a picture of us being completely harmless. But except for this, I believe I do not merit praise for our work in the U.S.

Q. Are the rumors true that you recruited high-ranking West Germans as your agents?

A. Last year I was informed that a letter had been sent by the last East German government to the West German side giving a guarantee that in the last few years there was no agent activity above the level of ministry director [the top civil-service rank]. There have been questions about whether a state secretary [the level just below Cabinet rank] was involved. There wasn't.

Q. Are any of the estimated 400 ex-agents who have not yet been uncovered working now for the KGB or another spy service?

A. Where that 400 figure comes from is a mystery to me. But I can say that I did not pass on a single one to the KGB, nor did my successor. The head of the intelligence service in the Soviet Union would not want to continue any form of contact. The risk would be too great. One cannot rule out, however, that some adventurers might try to profit from their knowledge.

Q. Do you merit praise for work elsewhere?

A. The most important reason for the successes of our intelligence service was that I focused our activities on West Germany and West Berlin. Once the G.D.R. began opening embassies, we had more contacts in more countries, but I tried to avoid too great a fragmentation of our activities.

Q. Which intelligence service do you rate the most successful?

A. The U.S. services could draw upon knowledge they gained in West Germany and West Berlin. At least in quantitative terms, I could say that they were successful. As far as quality is concerned, I don't know. We had considerable success against the West German intelligence services, as the heads of those services themselves have confirmed. I probably know less than you about Mossad or the British intelligence services.

Q. Just before unification between East and West Germany last year, you took refuge in the Soviet Union. Why have you returned to Germany, where you may be held accountable for your actions as head of the East German foreign intelligence service?

A. I am not very happy with the situation. But this is the reality, and I have to live with it. I could have been given asylum in the Soviet Union—I have friends there—but I wanted to live in Germany. My parents, my brother and I left for 11 years during the Nazi era. I did not want to be an émigré for a second time.

Q. Your return was prompted by the failed Soviet coup in August, was it not?

A. My decision had nothing directly to do with the coup.

Q. Did you feel you would be in danger if you remained in Moscow?

A. No I didn't. The situation was anarchic, and nobody seemed to be in control. But I did not want to make myself a burden for the Soviet Union, for Russia or for the people who would turn out to be the leaders of this emerging country. I considered myself a guest. I did not want to cause any trouble.

Q. Doesn't it seem ironic to you that you are free on bail because of the liberal laws of a country you tried to undermine?

A. We will have to wait for the decision of the Federal Constitutional Court to find

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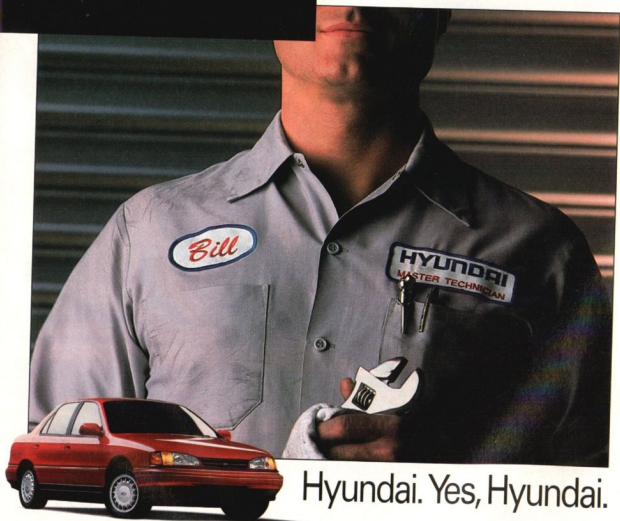
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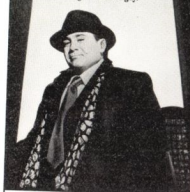
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INTERVIEW

out if I and the other members of my service go free, and whether the court will impose severe sentences upon the people who worked for us within West Germany. Should this happen, it would be a heavy moral burden for me. I believe that the way they are treated should reflect the end of the cold war.

Q. What do you mean by "moral burden"?

A. I believe that many of our agents in the West were there because of a conviction that what we were doing was right, not because of money or blackmail. It would not be logical for the heads of the service to go free while those who believed in the Warsaw Pact and what we were doing went to prison. In the past, when agents were arrested, we tried to arrange exchanges for them, but suddenly this is no longer possible.

Q. If the shoe were on the other foot and we were all now living under East German law, what would have happened to West German agents who had infiltrated your service?

A. It is a paradox when the person who was head of the subdivision under me for counterintelligence is standing trial in Munich together with an agent who infiltrated the West German federal intelligence service. It is the job of an intelligence service to infiltrate the services of other countries. And if a person succeeds in this, he should not be condemned under laws in a new country for actions undertaken under laws that were valid in his country. I cannot accept the idea of good and bad, black and white, that East Germany was an illegal state and West Germany was a constitutional one. It is hard for me to say what would have happened if the situation had been reversed. Important West German agents would not, I believe, have remained in that kind of united Germany.

Q. Did you aid Abu Nidal, Carlos, the Red Army Faction and other international terrorists?

A. Our agency and I myself had nothing to do with the Red Army Faction. The P.L.O. and Yasser Arafat were recognized by East Germany as representing a state, and there were agreements on military and security training. We provided some of that training, but at no time did our agency work on terrorist activities. I cannot say anything definitive about the Ministry of State Security as a whole, but I can say that every effort was made to avoid terrorist activities being initiated from East Germany. It has become known that Arab individuals did prepare certain activities in East Germany that were then carried out in West Berlin.

Q. You are referring to the bombing of La Belle discotheque in Berlin [in 1986, killing three people, including two U.S. soldiers]?

A. Yes, La Belle. This is one example. But I do not believe that the Ministry of State Security or the foreign intelligence agency was informed in advance about it. After the

bombing they were able to reconstruct what happened.

Q. You come from a family of intellectuals. Did you and your late brother Konrad [a leading East German filmmaker] become so involved with the system that you became totally blind to its faults?

A. This is, for me, the central question, more important than even the criminal prosecution that I may be facing. Nobody who had a prominent position can be free of responsibility for the wrongs that occurred and for the failure of the experiment of socialism on German territory. My father, who died in 1953, believed in this experiment. Some people have asked how someone who had experienced the Moscow trials of the 1930s could remain silent.

"I cannot accept the idea of good and bad, black and white, that East Germany was an illegal state and West Germany was a constitutional one."

I believe that one develops an ability to ignore, an ability that my brother and I developed. We believed that in our own areas of work—my brother in the arts, I in the intelligence service—we could achieve something. We simply ignored what was happening around us. In the years before my brother's death [in 1982], I began to reflect more deeply. We did not use the word Stalinism to describe it, but we did believe that the socialist system had been deformed. We wanted to introduce reforms similar to those of Gorbachev in the Soviet Union—*glasnost* and *perestroika*. It was at this time that my opposition to the regime began.

Q. In what way?

A. With my first book, *Troika*, in which I tried to present ideals of humanism or tolerance. I am working on another book to try to examine what happened and why and also to examine our responsibility. Gorbachev, Shevardnadze and Yeltsin were fortunate in that they had an opportunity to reflect on what had happened and also to

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INTERVIEW

introduce reforms. We had no opportunity to prove that we too could learn from the past. But we did in fact want to move along a path toward democracy.

Q. Do you still consider yourself a communist?

A. Yes. When one is as old as I, one does not easily change one's ideological hats. My father, who had a Jewish bourgeois background, became a pacifist after his experience in World War I. He soon saw that after the failure of the revolution in Germany in 1918, society could only be changed if a communist ideology were adopted. I believe that mankind's striving for justice and freedom led to the creation of the communist ideology. I reject what always has been a central issue in communism: power, the struggle to obtain it and to keep it. I believe that this is one of the main reasons for the failure of the communist system.

Q. What do you think when you look at a united Germany and the demise of East Germany?

A. I do not wish to turn back the clock, but I, like many other people living in this part of united Germany, am not happy about the way the unification took place. I do not believe that the state and society in which I am now living have discovered absolute truth. I do not believe that this society will be able to solve the major problems facing mankind either in Germany or elsewhere. Communism and socialism have been so compromised that an alternative left-wing movement has been fragmented and deprived of its inherent force. I do not expect to live to see the emergence of a new alternative, but I do still believe one will develop to correct the dark sides of this society.

Q. Among readers of spy novels you may be better known as Karla than as Markus Wolf. Have you read the novels of John le Carré? Do you see yourself in his Karla character?

A. At first I had read only *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, but now I have read some others as well. I am not sure that I am the model for Karla. Maybe I will have a chance to put that question to Mr. Le Carré.

Q. When do you expect to meet him?

A. I am not sure. Some TV people are planning something. I am not pushing for it, but it may happen. I have been reading his books, and Tom Clancy's too. I'm trying to read Clancy in English to improve my command of the language, and maybe we can have a talk sometime.

Q. What do you think of the Le Carré novels? Are they realistic?

A. Yes, especially his first book. The classic espionage book for me is Graham Greene's *Our Man in Havana*. That is the best. I recently read Le Carré's *The Russia House*, and I have some criticism. If we had done it together, I think it would have been better. ■

MAXIMA. BEST IMPORT SEDAN UNDER \$25,000.



In *Car and Driver's* recent clash of the import sports sedans, Nissan Maxima SE routinely stomped its toughest challengers, some costing thousands of dollars more.

This is a wildly competitive and popular niche, populated by a collection of big shooters boasting all the latest technological hits their manufacturers have to offer.

The field included: the Acura Vigor LS, the Audi 50, the

Galant VR4, the Nissan Maxima SE, the Subaru Legacy Sport Sedan.

And the winner was: The Maxima. Hands down. With strong power delivery, great steering, and room for five adults, the SE displayed a degree of sophistication and refinement far beyond its price.

Of the cars tested, the Maxima was the only one possessing a V-6, which is evident in its smooth

Maxima among tops in resale.

Vehicle	MSRP New	Current Resale	% of Orig. Value
1989 NISSAN MAXIMA SE	\$19,150	\$13,630	70.98%
1989 Mercedes-Benz 190D	\$31,230	\$21,700	69.48%
1989 BMW 525i 4D	\$37,325	\$25,900	69.39%
1989 Toyota Cressida	\$21,753	\$14,450	66.43%
1989 Ford Taurus V6 L	\$13,688	\$ 9,300	65.02%
1989 Saab 900S	\$21,129	\$13,250	62.71%

Source: May-June 1991 Kelley Blue Book Used Car Guide

According to the Kelley Blue Book, Western Edition, Nissan Maxima SE retains more of its value than other similar cars.

As the chart above attests, a 1989 Maxima retains 70.98% of its value, which is more than BMW 525i, Mercedes-Benz 190D, Ford Taurus V6 L, Saab 900S and Toyota Cressida.

The Kelley Blue Book Official Used Car Guide is widely recognized as the most reliable source of used car values. The book has been published for 65 years. The May-June, 1991 edition shows the current value.

Resale is an increasing factor in the purchase of a new car. Different factors affect the resale value of a car.

BUY LOW. SELL HIGH.

If it's smart to invest in a sports sedan, buying or leasing a Nissan® Maxima® can be a stroke of genius. The September issue of *Car and Driver* says the '91 Maxima SE is the best import sports sedan under \$25,000 money can buy. Better than Acura. Better than Audi. Better than Legacy. In fact at \$20,815 it may be the best buy at any price.*

The May-June edition of the *Kelley Blue Book* says the '89 Maxima SE is one of the best sports sedans money can rebuy. Beating perennial stalwarts like Mercedes and BMW.

So if you're contemplating a sports sedan, consider test-driving a Maxima. It outdistances every opponent in what may be this year's most hotly contested automotive category.

And it performs just as well down the road as it does on it.

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GRAPEVINE

By SIDNEY URQUHART

THE GULF WILL DO NICELY WITHOUT THE PLANES

After months of clamoring for more high-tech aircraft, Saudi Arabia has reversed the throttle and quietly backed off its request for 72 more F-15 jet fighters. **KING FAHD's** surprising flip-flop may prove to be a pragmatic move. The Saudis relish their role as Washington's pre-eminent Arab partners in the Middle East peace process, so they would rather not risk embarrassing **GEORGE BUSH**. The \$4 billion transaction would have undercut the President's vow to scale back arms sales to the Middle East and would surely launch a bruising battle between the White House and Israel's allies in Congress. The Saudis will renew their request after things quiet down, but if they have to, they can always turn to Britain for state-of-the-art aircraft. They've done it before.



A Saudi F-15 during the Persian Gulf war

WHY THE PREACHER IS A GRINCH

JESSE JACKSON may have taken himself out of the 1992 presidential race, but he's still a spoiler. As the early campaign takes shape, Jackson is clinging tenaciously to his bargaining power. He has told his political cadre to remain uncommitted and to forget about shifting support to any of the active candidates, most notably **DOUG WILDER**. When the Virginia Governor approaches African-American activists for help, many have said, "Jesse told us to hold off." Wilder has managed to lure a few seasoned Jackson advisers into his camp, along with some low-level organizers and contributors. But he is still too much of a long shot to snag them all. And other Democratic candidates are prowling the same ground.



THE PERKS GO ON . . . AND ON . . . AND ON

Who gets a posh office, a lavish expense allowance, a devoted staff and unlimited postage? Answer: any former Speaker of the House of Representatives. Congress doled out these open-ended perks to departing Speakers back in the 1970s so that they could conclude their "official business." But somehow not one has ever managed to do so. According to figures disclosed last week by the House clerk, U.S. taxpayers will have to cough up \$385,577.52 this year for staff members who will keep **JIM WRIGHT** and **TIP O'NEILL** comfortable in their home states. Not to mention **CARL ALBERT** of Oklahoma, who retired back in 1977.



DRIVING MR. PRESIDENT

You could call him the John Sununu of Poland. He's a college dropout and part-time taxi driver who followed **LECH WAŁĘSA** out of the Gdansk shipyards to become his personal bodyguard and chauffeur. Today **MIECZYSLAW WACHOWSKI** is sitting pretty in Warsaw's Belvedere Palace running the President's private office. He apparently sees himself at the center of Wałęsa's inner circle of advisers, but his colleagues regard him as boorish, arrogant and power hungry. Like Woody Allen's Zelig, he has elbowed his way into so many official photo ops that local photographers delight in cropping him out of their prints.



Lech's pal, second from right

FORWARD SPIN

THE POCKETBOOK INDICATOR. A reliable way to predict whether a President will be re-elected is to look at the growth in Americans' real disposable income—essentially their spending money—in the 12 months before the election, according to Robert Wescott, an

economist at Wharton Econometric Forecasting Associates. His study of postwar elections shows that every time growth was less than 3.8%, the incumbent party lost the White House. If Wescott's prediction for 1992 holds up, Bush faces trouble:



TIME/NOVEMBER 25, 1991

COVER STORY

Condition: Critical

Millions of Americans have no medical coverage, and costs are out of control. Here are 10 ways to fix what ails us.

By JANICE CASTRO

There are two kinds of prices in America today: regular prices and health-care prices. The first kind seems to follow some sensible laws of supply and demand. But America's medical bills are something else. They flow from a surreal world where science has lost connection

with reality, where bureaucracy and paperwork have no limit, where a half-hour tonsillectomy costs what an average worker earns in three weeks. The prices, like the system that issues them, are out of control. Examples:

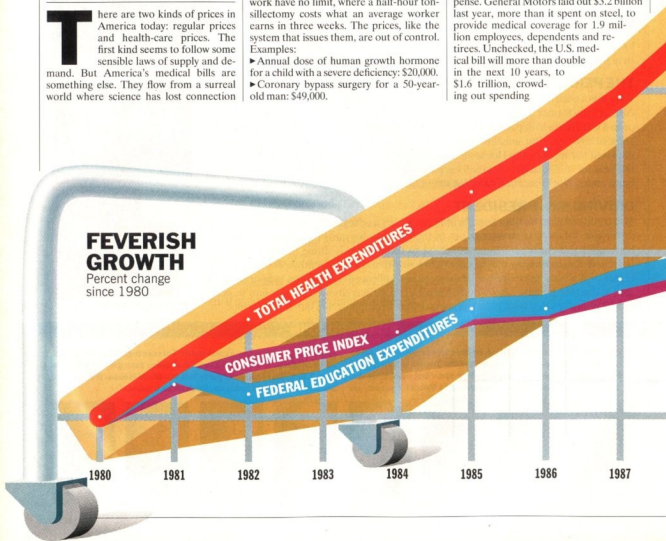
- ▶ Annual dose of human growth hormone for a child with a severe deficiency: \$20,000.
- ▶ Coronary bypass surgery for a 50-year-old man: \$49,000.

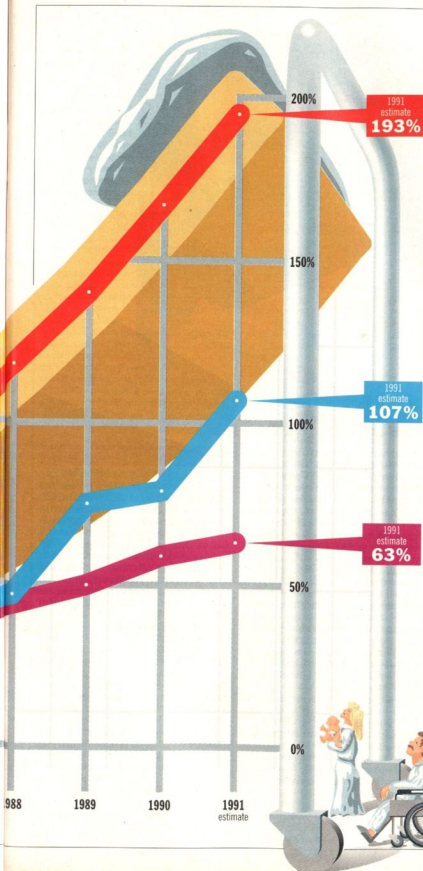
- ▶ Cost of a Bufferin tablet for a patient in a psychiatric hospital: \$3.75.
- ▶ Price of a modified radical mastectomy: \$7,900.
- ▶ One day's intensive care for a crack baby: \$2,000.
- ▶ A 50-minute session with an elite psychotherapist: \$160.
- ▶ Delivery of a baby by Caesarean section: \$7,500.

Americans spend \$23,000 a second on medical care, more than \$2 billion a day, \$733 billion a year. That is nearly twice what they spent seven years ago, including annual increases of 10% during the past two years. For the Federal Government, medical costs have become the fastest-growing major item, increasing at more than 8% annually at a time when inflation is only about 5%. For corporate America, health care has become a crippling expense. General Motors laid out \$3.2 billion last year, more than it spent on steel, to provide medical coverage for 1.9 million employees, dependents and retirees. Unchecked, the U.S. medical bill will more than double in the next 10 years, to \$1.6 trillion, crowding out spending

FEVERISH GROWTH

Percent change since 1980





for other urgent needs. "Health-care costs have created an American state of siege," says Florida Governor Lawton Chiles. "It's going to break us."

Suddenly health care is becoming the litmus test of American politics. It was a central issue in this month's senatorial race in Pennsylvania. Little-known Democrat Harris Wofford, who called for a health-care plan that would cover all Americans, easily defeated former Governor Dick Thornburgh. As the 1992 presidential campaign gathers steam, every Democratic candidate is putting universal health care at the top of his agenda. While Nebraska's Bob Kerrey proposes a comprehensive plan that would require substantial new taxes, others, including Bill Clinton and Tom Harkin, are fashioning less costly approaches that emphasize preventive care. Says Harkin: "We don't have to spend a nickel more. We just have to spend it smarter." Congressional Republicans, sensing that the White House is moving too slowly on the issue, offered their own plan earlier this month to provide basic care for uninsured Americans.

How did America's health care slip into such a critical condition? It's all so paradoxical. We're the medical miracle workers. We're the picture of health. We live decades longer than we did before. We've harnessed the body's natural defenses with antibiotics, defeated plagues and diseases, learned how to make spare parts for almost every organ except the brain.

We got what we wished for, a medical miracle system—but all its perilous side effects too. Medicine's amazing new tools have made decent health care a rich man's privilege, too expensive for the working poor and even many middle-class people. Moreover, America may be shackling its economy by investing too much in one industry. The U.S. currently devotes 12.3% of its gross national product to health care, up from 9.4% in 1980. At this rate, within 20 years Americans will be spending a third of all their resources on medicine. Says Daniel Callahan, the director of the Hastings Center in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.: "We have let ourselves be seduced by the idea that there is no such thing as enough health care."

Nation



VAST RESOURCES CAN STAVE OFF DEATH: at Columbia-Presbyterian in New York City, a leading research hospital, an elderly patient rests in the recovery room after receiving a heart transplant.

Yet we accomplish less and less. Doctors may waste more than \$100 billion a year on overzealous testing and unnecessary surgery, among other things. Insurance companies say patients, hospitals, doctors and thieves are cheating them out of \$60 billion or more. Meanwhile millions of Americans are starving for care in the midst of plenty. Doctors have migrated away from rural areas across America, leaving families in dread fear of the tractor accident, the heart attack, the sudden illness. Another problem: the health-care system devotes so much of its resources to last-minute miracles that it neglects the more mundane realm of preventive medicine, where many terrible illnesses could be halted sooner or avoided altogether. "We have to rearrange how the dollars are being spent and refocus them on earlier stages of illness," says Jeff Goldsmith, a health-care adviser to the accounting firm Ernst & Young.

Americans used to take health care for granted. But now they can see the cracks in the system—and those gaps scare them. The prospect of an additional 30% increase in medical costs next year has prompted many employers to cut their work force, reduce health benefits, or both. At the same time, insurance companies are raising premiums to nigh unaffordable levels. Millions of workers are terrified of losing their coverage.

Until now, attempts at reform have run

into a gridlock of powerful constituencies: giant corporations, doctors, hospitals, insurance companies and the highly organized senior-citizens lobby. But popular opinion may break the impasse. In a TIME/CNN poll of 1,000 adults surveyed by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, 91% said that "our health-care system needs fundamental change." Most of those polled, 75%, said costs are much higher than they should be, and 83% said they would cut costs by limiting doctors' fees. Two-thirds said health care is a right, and 70% said they would be willing to pay higher taxes to ensure that all Americans have coverage. Last week the National Leadership Coalition for Health Care Reform, a group of big companies and labor unions, put forth a proposal to require all employers either to provide health insurance or to pay a new 7% federal payroll tax to fund public coverage.

The U.S. can do a much better job with the money it is spending by balancing compassion with realistic notions of what can be done. It is not possible to offer unlimited medical care to everyone, nor fair to cushion the well-to-do with vast public-health-care subsidies while millions of American children and their parents go without. It's time for a cure.

On the following pages, TIME looks at 10 of the most important problems in the American way of medical care. Here are some suggestions on how to fix them.

1. THE BASICS

About 1 out of 9 American working families, a total of 37 million people, has no health insurance at all. Most of the uninsured are the families of workers in small firms that do not offer such coverage. Among the uninsured are an estimated 8 million American children growing up without adequate medical and dental care. About 17% of all Americans suffering from diabetes and high blood pressure are going without treatment, according to Robert Blendon of the Harvard School of Public Health.

Medicaid is supposed to insure those who cannot pay for coverage, with each state making that determination according to its own means test. But even this voracious state-and-federal system—which cost \$2.3 billion in 1967, the first full year after it was launched, and now costs 69 times as much—can barely afford to help 40% of the poor. In 1980 the figure was 65%. As hard-pressed states have found it increasingly difficult to pay for the program (they put up 68% of the total money), they have tightened eligibility standards. As a result, more and more working Americans earn too much money to qualify but too little to afford care. In Alabama a family of four cannot qualify for Medicaid if it earns more than \$16,584 a year.

SOLUTION: Establish a universal health-care plan covering basic preventive treatment for all Americans who cannot pay for their own insurance. Nearly two-thirds of the 500 senior executives surveyed last summer by the consulting firm Noble Lowndes said they support such a plan. To help pay for it, Congress should eliminate the \$53,400 income cap on the payroll tax that funds Social Security. While this would sharply increase payroll taxes for the wealthiest, such a change represents a more equitable way of apportioning the burden, which now falls more heavily on lower-income workers. Removing the cap would provide an estimated \$25 billion in new funds for the universal plan. Congress should then shift the entire federal Medicaid budget to the universal health program, which would give it a generous \$115 billion in its first year.

To control costs, care must be delivered through tightly managed private systems, such as a network of health-maintenance organizations (HMOs) or cost-conscious doctors and hospitals that provide moderately-priced services. Patients must have a financial stake in making sensible use of the system. They would benefit based on their ability to pay; deductibles and co-payments would sharply rise as one's income increased. High-cost medical procedures would be closely screened for their anticipated value in extending life and health.

2. MEDICAID

The fastest-growing spending program in the U.S., Medicaid will dispense \$158 billion in federal and state funds this year to provide health care to 27.3 million Americans. Costs are careering out of control. Medicaid pays for half of all nursing-home patients—or 250,000 Americans—at an average annual cost of \$34,000 a person. Medicaid also looks after the 158,000 severely impaired crack babies born every year (\$1.8 billion a year), the 35,000 AIDS victims who have run out of money, the poor single mothers and pregnant teens, the hardest-pressed Americans.

It doesn't do a very good job because the rules governing the delivery of care are unrealistic and wasteful, often requiring hospitalization, for example, where outpatient treatment would suffice. Moreover, many doctors refuse to treat Medicaid patients because of rock-bottom reimbursement and the snarl of bureaucratic rules. The program is also a sitting duck for thieves because of poor administration. Medicaid pays billions in fraudulent insurance claims for nonexistent patients.

SOLUTION: Shut it down. Medicaid patients can receive better care, and the federal contribution would be better spent, under the simplified universal plan proposed above.

Oregon's Value Judgment

Virtually every state in the U.S. is struggling to find ways to seal up increasingly leaky health-care systems. Hawaii was one of the first to strive for universal coverage and now reaches 98% of its residents. Florida, New York, Michigan, Maine and Wisconsin subsidize health-insurance coverage for some of their poorest citizens. South Carolina sponsors house calls for pregnant women. Alabama uses its school clinics to provide prenatal care. Despite this kaleidoscope of experiments, no one state can claim to have solved all its problems.

The newest and broadest attempt to improve access and contain costs is taking place in Oregon. The state is asking the U.S. government to approve changes in Medicaid rules to provide a limited list of medical services to all people below the poverty level, regardless of their current Medicaid status. A companion law in Oregon's comprehensive health plan requires all employers to provide health insurance for full-time employees and obliges insurance companies to renew those policies without excluding individuals considered too risky. The state also guarantees that doctors and hospitals are reimbursed for their services but makes them justify their purchases of costly medical diagnostic equipment.

The centerpiece and most controversial feature of the plan is a list of 709 medical conditions and their treatments, ranked according to their seriousness and the likelihood that treatment will restore the patient to long-term good health. Actuaries estimate that state and federal Medicaid money will pay for treatment of everyone suffering from the first 587 conditions on the list.

In effect, Oregon is promising to provide universal coverage in exchange for a system of financial triage. A child will get a liver transplant; a chronic alcoholic will not. An AIDS sufferer will get treatment in the early stages of his illness but in the terminal stages will get only "comfort care." The plan would not pay for so-called heroic measures, such as expensive life support for babies born after less than 23 weeks of gestation and weighing less than 500 g (1.1 lbs.). Nor will it pay for self-curing ailments—now covered—like the common cold, food poisoning, sprains and simple diaper rash. And, of course, the patient who needs spinal disc surgery, No. 588 on the list, may be out of luck.

Oregon's list is not without critics. The Washington-based Children's Defense Fund is actively lobbying against the Medicaid waiver needed to put the plan into effect. Says CDF director Sara Rosenbaum: "We don't understand why the state's poorest children have to give up literally life-and-death benefits for the sake of this social experiment."

But many Oregonians are in favor of it. The pecking order of conditions was arrived at with the help of marathon discussion sessions that were organized by Oregon Health Decisions, a public interest group, and held in each of the state's 36 counties. But agreement on values does not guarantee fiscal manageability. "We're all together on this, but for many different reasons," says Amy Klare of the Oregon AFL-CIO. "Business will fall off if the plan's too rich. We'll fall out if the plan's too weak." Ellen Pinney, executive director of the Oregon Health Action Campaign, wonders whether coverage will be maintained at the initial levels. "Over time," she contends, "the ability of the state to fund an adequate plan will be constrained."

State officials admit that some changes are certain to take place in 1993, when treatments for mental health and chemical dependency are added, as well as coverage for senior citizens and the disabled. Then somebody with condition No. 587 may no longer qualify. But if the plan works, virtually every Oregonian will be assured decent primary care, and that is a goal with which every community could live.

—By Edwin M. Reingold/Salem



Doctor and patient, 2, at a county health center

Nation



HOUSE CALLS MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE: in Mississippi a visiting nurse checks up on her homebound elderly patient. Without such help, he might face the trauma of moving to a nursing home for care, at considerably greater cost.

3. MEDICARE

This \$110 billion program—which started out 26 years ago with a budget of \$5 billion—was designed to provide decent care for the elderly. But the program gives the same benefits to those who are well-off as to the elderly poor. Though the elderly do pay some of the costs—and staunchly resist bearing more of them—nearly 90% of Medicare funds come from payroll taxes on workers. As a result, the burden falls partly on laborers who have no health insurance of their own and may have trouble making ends meet.

The burden on younger Americans is growing more onerous as the U.S. population ages, bringing with it the responsibility of caring for millions of elderly with enormously expensive medical needs. There are now about seven Americans under the age of 65 for every person over that threshold, compared with 11 to 1 in 1960. One of those younger Americans is unemployed, and two are children. That leaves about four workers to support each elderly American. And one of those doesn't even have his own health insurance.

SOLUTION: To slow its runaway growth, return the program to its original goal: taking care of people who need financial help. People who can afford to pay more for their own health care should do so. In addi-

tion, subsidies should be more carefully rationed when it comes to extremely complex and costly medical procedures for very old patients. "Most of the elderly would probably accept that idea," says Dr. Perry Stafford, a surgeon at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland. "It is usually their families who have this tenacious hold on anything that will prolong life. It is hard for people to see that at some point, you are prolonging death, not life."

4. FRAUD AND ABUSE

How does an insurance company know whether a patient really got the care for which it picks up most of the tab? Doctors and hospitals are on the honor system, but some of them cheat. Fraud may account for as much as \$75 billion of annual U.S. health-care expenditures, according to the National Health Care Anti-Fraud Association. Last June California officials uncovered the biggest single medical fraud to date, a \$1 billion rip-off carried out by thieves operating clinics on wheels. Investigators say the clinics offered patients free tests and exams, then used their insurance information to generate a huge number of fake bills. In a similar scam in New York City, a doctor billed Medicaid for \$50,000 worth of lab tests for a single patient.

Innumerable smaller crimes are com-

mitted daily in labs, hospitals and doctors' offices to inflate the costs of care, often under the guise of doing patients a favor by circumventing cumbersome insurance regulations. Some doctors and dentists give patients inflated bills in exchange for slightly higher than normal fees. The patient collects his own kickback in the form of a bigger insurance refund. Some hospitals and doctors bill for treatment they did not provide. In a survey of Aetna Life & Casualty customers, 4 out of 10 consumers said their doctors had cheated insurance companies.

Physicians also have conflicts of interest that contribute to vast waste, reformers say. In a study released in August, Florida officials reported that doctors owned 93% of the diagnostic-imaging centers surveyed, 78% of the radiation-therapy centers, 60% of the clinical labs and 38% of the physical-therapy and rehabilitation centers. Miami doctors prescribe MRI scans (cost: \$800) and various lab tests about twice as often as doctors in Baltimore, where very few own the equipment. Lab charges are more than twice as high at facilities owned by doctors.

SOLUTION: Tougher enforcement. Insurance companies and public authorities should pool information on fraud via computer networks. At the very least, this would prevent thieves from simply repeat-



A DESPERATE RACE FOR HELP WHEN NO DOCTOR IS NEAR: hit by a car in a remote area of central Texas, an eight-year-old boy is rushed to a helicopter for a trip to the nearest emergency room. Instead of a risky 45-minute journey by road, the chopper can get him there in eight minutes.

ing their crimes later in fresh territory, as many now do, thanks to lax record keeping by program administrators. In addition, physicians and hospital officials must police their own ranks and blow the whistle on dishonest billing practices. Stricter policing will cost more, but it should pay for itself many times over.

At the same time, doctors should be required to disclose to patients their investments in testing centers and laboratories and offer an alternative in which the doctor does not have a financial interest. (That proposal has already been recommended by the American Medical Association's Council on Ethical and Judicial Affairs.)

5. DISAPPEARING DOCTORS

More than 570,000 physicians practice medicine in the U.S. today, almost double the number 20 years ago. Yet huge areas—18 counties in Texas alone—have none. Rural America, like many inner cities, is facing a crisis in primary care. Communities need about 35,000 more general practitioners, according to most estimates. Doctors typically prefer more lucrative practices as specialists and surgeons (who can earn more than \$300,000 a year, compared with the average family practitioner's income of \$96,000). The shortage of general practitioners leads to

wasteful use of medical resources. Without a family doctor to keep track of their overall health, people are left to find their way through a costly medical system ache by ache, often seeking high-priced help where the skills of a generalist would more than suffice.

SOLUTION: Federal money pays for half of graduate medical education. Redirect as much as 50% of that \$3.6 billion federal contribution to students who aim to practice primary medicine.

Expand a three-year pilot project authorized by Congress last year. The program provides up to \$50,000 in matching funds for communities that finance medical education for physicians (cost of training: about \$75,000) as well as other medical professionals. This plan was prompted by the experience of Dr. Roger Pelli. A resident of Ashland, Me. (pop. 1,800), a town without a doctor, Pelli promised in 1982 to care for the people in the Ashland area if they would help send him to medical school. Six local towns raised \$15,000 a year for his education. Today Pelli takes care of 3,000 people scattered over the surrounding area, making house calls, handling everything from chain-saw injuries and cardiac arrest to births and vaccinations. Says Ashland town manager Nancy Farris: "He's always there, and he always greets his patients with a smile, no matter

how tired he is. The only thing is, he's working too darned hard."

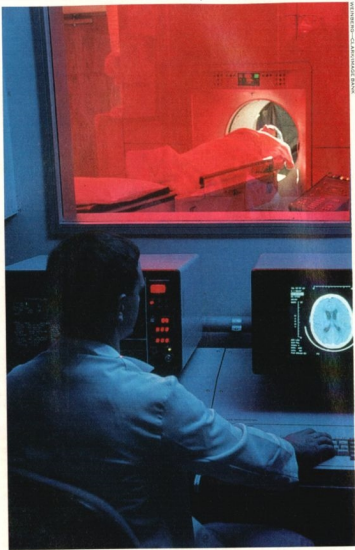
Pelli's emotional commitment is all the greater because his patients are his friends. Not long ago, a young woman in town was fatally injured in an auto accident. Recalls Pelli: "I couldn't revive her. All the time I was trying, I could hear her two young children, her husband and her parents crying. It was just heartbreaking." Says selectman Ray Beaulier, who doubles as the town mail carrier: "Roger is as close as you can get to the old country doctor."

As an additional incentive for doctors who have already finished school, waive taxes on the first \$40,000 in income for those who treat patients in designated neglected areas. Expense to the U.S. Treasury: approximately \$9,000 a year for an unmarried doctor with no dependents. As well as being worthwhile in itself, this investment in basic medicine would also produce other kinds of savings by preventing unchecked chronic disease and producing healthier and more productive citizens.

6. PHYSICIAN COMPENSATION

Back when doctors were paid out of patients' pockets, there were natural brakes on the amount of medical service prescribed and the charges levied. For one

MODERN MIRACLES, FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD THEM: a radiology technician gives a CAT-scan test to a patient. Such new technologies save lives but also dramatically increase the cost of care. Lacking insurance, many Americans must make do with less help.



thing, doctors knew their decisions could devastate a family's finances. And patients who paid their own bills yelped at high prices. But concerns over costs diminished over the past 40 years as vast insurance pools were created through company benefits plans and the huge Medicaid and Medicare systems.

Under the circumstances, insurance is like a blank check. Research has shown that doctors paid in fee-for-service programs order 50% more electrocardiograms (about \$27.50 each) and 40% more X rays (\$62 for a frontal-lateral chest X ray) than physicians in managed-care groups. Says Edmund Kelly, group president of Aetna: "The problem with our medical financing system is that most doctors get paid for doing things to people, not for keeping them healthy."

Medicare and insurance companies have tried to make sense of medical

charges by establishing maximum fees for hundreds of surgeries, tests and procedures. But the medical establishment is winning the accounting war. Some doctors attend seminars on "creative billing," learning how to describe medical treatment in terms that will yield the highest prices. A \$2,900 gastrectomy, the removal of all or part of the stomach, can be billed à la carte as several procedures for a total of \$6,900. When auto-repair shops or lawyers do that, we call it padding the bill. Doctors call it "unbundling." Some maintain that they do it in the spirit of Robin Hood, overcharging people with good insurance in order to charge less for the treatment of poorly covered patients.

SOLUTION: Managed care. Providers of group insurance should insist that doctors treating their patients be paid salaries or flat fees. Such a system is already employed

by many HMOs, which charge group-insurance plans an annual fee for treatment and produce often dramatic savings. Treating 40 million Americans last year, HMOs cost an average of \$2,683 per person, 17% less than the \$3,214 cost of traditional indemnity plans, according to a survey conducted by the Foster Higgins consulting firm. Doctors bound by such strictures would still be free to earn extra income by treating other, higher-income patients in private practice.

7. UNNECESSARY CARE

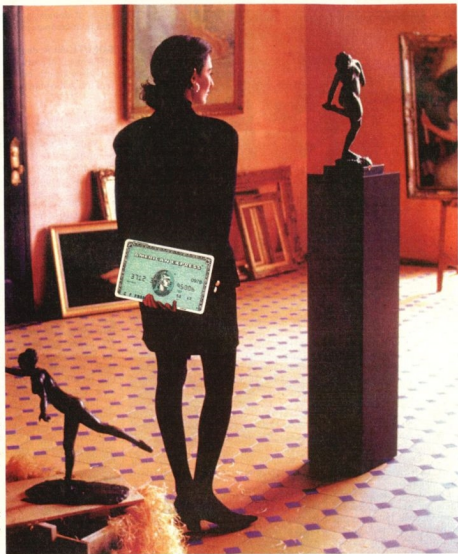
Fear of malpractice lawsuits drives doctors to perform many extra procedures to protect themselves against accusations of negligence. The A.M.A. estimates that defensive medicine adds \$21 billion to the U.S. health-care bill every year. Other experts, including former U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, believe the cost is several times that high. Some reformers think injuries in malpractice cases share the blame by punishing doctors not only for shoddy practice but also for their human limitations. "Medical care is not always successful," says Aetna's Kelly. "But that doesn't mean the doctor should have to pay huge awards for pain and suffering."

Then again, many doctors and hospitals overtreat patients simply because they have a blank check to do so under many insurance programs. As much as 20% of all medical procedures and treatment is completely unnecessary, contends Dr. Robert Brook, director of health sciences for the Rand Corp. Cost of the waste: \$132 billion a year. Aetna estimates that as much as 30% more (\$198 billion) is discretionary care that may not solve the problem under treatment.

Rand studies have found that in some regions of the country as many as 44% of coronary bypass surgeries and 64% of artery-clearing carotid endarterectomies were either unnecessary or highly questionable. In a separate review for the Philadelphia Professional Standards Review Organization, Dr. Allan Greenspan found that about 25% of heart-pacemaker implants performed in the Philadelphia region were inappropriate. Many doctors challenge such findings, arguing that it is better to err on the safe side.

In the same vein, some extremely expensive technologies are used even before

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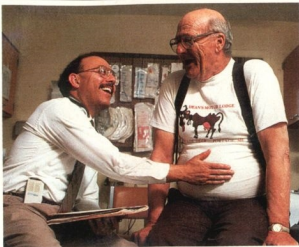


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A SMALL TOWN'S BEST FRIEND:

Ashland, Me., had no doctors until Roger Pelli decided to fill the need. Says he: "I get a great deal of satisfaction from really helping people. I am somebody here, not just another car on the road."



it is clear that they're needed. That may be the case with at least one new biotech drug, Centoxin, which is available on a limited basis to treat hospital-acquired infections that can cause fatal septic shock (estimated cost: \$3,800 a dose). Trouble is, since the condition can kill so quickly, doctors will have to decide whether to administer the drug before they are sure the patient needs it.

SOLUTION: For malpractice cases, cap noneconomic awards for factors like pain and suffering at about \$250,000. California placed a limit on such awards in 1975, and it now has some of the lowest malpractice premiums in the U.S. One reason: ambulance-chasing lawyers have less incentive to bring questionable claims.

Another wise investment: devote more research to finding out which procedures and drugs are most effective. If doctors can be supplied with better, consensual guidelines about what works in treating various ailments, they will feel less pressure to do things on a just-in-case basis. They also will be better protected against unwarranted litigation. It is important, though, that such standards be viewed as guidelines, rather than rules that might impinge upon a doctor's best sense of what a patient needs. "Judgment is an important factor in medicine," says Dr. Robert Heyssel, president of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. "Doctors disagree all the time about whether a carotid endarterectomy or a coronary bypass will offer a patient the best shot at recovery. There are no absolutes around these things."

Finally, set maximum reimbursement levels for high-cost pharmaceuticals. Drug firms are among the most profitable in the U.S. And \$3,800 a dose is too much.

8. THE HOSPITAL GLUT

America has too many hospitals. On average, U.S. hospitals are operating at

64.5% capacity. To fill their beds, some hospitals buy physicians' practices and then pay the doctors under so-called census-based compensation, which is geared to the number of patients the physicians send to the mother ship and the number of procedures they perform. Some hospitals pay doctors in other ways—through honorariums or appointments to hospital boards—as a reward for referring patients.

SOLUTION: Remove the more blatant conflicts of interest governing the relationships between doctors and hospitals. Outlaw census-based compensation for doctors. Require physicians to disclose their financial relationships with the hospitals to their patients.

Companies as well as federal and state programs should encourage doctors to refer those patients who do not need the full range of hospital services to less costly outpatient clinics. Simple fractures, for example, often can be treated in this way. Pay doctors and hospitals less for clearly wasteful practices.

Eliminate tax subsidies for underused and obsolete hospitals. Together with the discipline of managed care and physician disclosure requirements, this change will help weed out vestigial institutions so that taxpayer support for health care can be put to better uses.

9. FAIRNESS

Taxpayers, even those who have no insurance, spend an estimated \$84 billion a year to subsidize medical care for mostly middle- and upper-class Americans. That is because companies can write off every dollar they spend on health care as a business expense, which may help explain why corporate America did so little to contain the costs until they got out of hand. At the same time, employees who enjoy generous benefits plans pay no taxes on the thou-

sands of dollars in health-care coverage that their companies provide for them.

SOLUTION: Reduce the corporate write-off for medical costs. And impose a tax on employee health benefits at a moderate rate for well-compensated workers.

10. WASTE

The U.S. has more than 1,500 different health-insurance programs, each with its own marketing department, complex forms and regulations. Doctors, nurses and clerks are buried in the paperwork needed to keep track of whom to bill for every aspirin tablet. It's a massive waste of time. U.S. health-care providers will spend as much as \$90 billion this year on record keeping, according to a Harvard study.

SOLUTION: Standardize insurance fees. Maryland did so 20 years ago. Partly as a result, the cost of a hospital stay at top-rated Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, which was 25% above the national average before the system was put in place, is now 7% below the average. Louis Sullivan, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, proposed a national plan earlier this month to standardize health-insurance forms. If his program is carried out by the end of the decade, Americans could save as much as \$20 billion a year. Just as important, eliminating wasteful paperwork would leave doctors and nurses more time and resources to care for patients.

Cleaning up the health-care system will be an epic adventure in compromise. No one wants to give up his share of medicine's glittering promise, whether it comes in the form of pills or paychecks. But the problems won't wait: health care has emerged as the most important domestic issue of the '90s. "At some point," says Missouri Congressman Richard Gephardt, "no one will be able to afford health care. We have got to act."

While no treatment manual for American medicine should focus purely on its price, controlling costs is critical. If the medical experts are right, the U.S. could save at least \$200 billion a year simply by curbing fraud and unnecessary practice. We know where the problems lie. Doing something about them is at the very least our moral duty and is profoundly in our self-interest as a nation. Depriving millions of Americans of health care is wrong. Wasting billions of precious medical dollars on paperwork, dead-end procedures and outright theft is stupid. Undermining the health of our workers and children for lack of political gumption is suicidal. It is time to make the hard choices.

—With reporting by

Mary Cronin/New York, Barbara Dolan/Chicago and Hays Gorey/Washington, with other bureaus

Nation

LOUISIANA

The No-Win Election

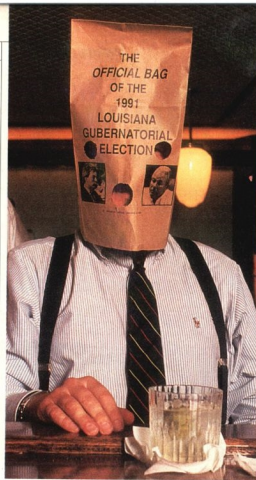
The neo-Nazi and the rascallion slug it out, and in the end, decency and the pocketbook prevail

By MICHAEL RILEY NEW ORLEANS

In the privacy of the voting booth, it came down to a balance of terror. After riding out the historic race between neo-Nazi David Duke and rascallion Edwin Edwards, Louisianians had to choose between Duke's appeal to white hostility and fear of the economic chaos and racial divisions that his victory promised. In the end, their pocketbooks and qualms about Duke prevailed.

Throughout the campaign, Edwards supporters warned that if Louisiana elected a former Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan as Governor, a wave of revulsion would sweep business, tourism, conventions and jobs out of the state. Duke skillfully manipulated the politics of discontent, playing on resentment of quotas, welfare and Big Government. He railed against Edwards' liberalism and his penchant for gambling and womanizing and trading government jobs for campaign contributions. But in the end, the bumper sticker won the day: VOTE FOR THE CROOK: IT'S IMPORTANT. Concluding that electing a bigot would be too costly to a state in dire economic straits, voters gave Edwards 60% of the vote. The turnout was an astonishing 75%.

Searching through the results for useful lessons, analysts found some disturbing truths. Anyone who thinks that Duke is merely a Bayou State phenomenon should be disabused by the numbers. More than 40% of his \$1.37 million in contributions came from outside Louisiana, mostly small donations from people in 46 states. Duke's supporters were not all racists. Many were hardworking people who felt alienated from government-as-usual and desperate for help. "He says what a lot of people think but don't have the guts to say," ob-



The proud voter: choosing the lesser of evils

serves oil-field supervisor Mark Hulin. "We're all middle-class people who are tired of paying taxes for all those people who don't want to better themselves." The Duke phenomenon, a volatile mix of race, class and plain rage, will not simply disappear. He may even challenge George Bush in next year's Republican primaries.

That Duke got as far as he did is perhaps the most important message of all. This, after all, is a man who has never held a regular job. He has made his living by selling hate materials and trolling for contributions for various racist organizations. He wore a swastika in college, founded the National Association for the Advancement of White People, advocated dividing America into separate ethnic nations, denied that the Holocaust happened. His reason for studying German in college was to be able to read Hitler's *Mein Kampf* in the original.

Yet Duke's campaign was not far-fetched. He won a place in the runoff by defeating incumbent Republican Buddy Roemer, a Harvard-educated reformer whose imperious manner doomed him to a single term. Duke won blue-collar voters, largely rural, young and male. But he also made inroads into the middle class, capturing conservatives from both parties. If the election had been held just after the primary, Duke would have won.

But as the days passed, the tide slowly began to turn. First, Roemer grudgingly endorsed Edwards and urged his sullen supporters not to sit out the election. Then, in a televised debate, Duke was confounded by an emotional question about bigotry. "I am scared, sir," began black TV reporter Norman Robinson. "I've heard you say that Jews deserve to be in the ash bin of history. I've heard you say that horses contributed more to the building of America than blacks did." Robinson went on to ask why any minorities should entrust their lives to Duke—and the moral opposition to Duke's hate-mongering past coalesced.

Then Duke hit another stumbling block. Having claimed to be born again, he was asked where he worshipped and named a church no one had seen him attend. A top campaign aide, who doubted Duke's Christianity and called him "a racist, coward, draft dodger and bald-faced liar," deserted him a few days before the election.

And finally, the magnitude of the choice facing Louisiana started to settle in, especially among New Orleans' professional class. Ex-

perts predicted that dozens of conventions worth nearly \$100 million would be canceled. University of New Orleans economist Timothy Ryan put the losses at about \$1.8 billion and 45,000 jobs. "Louisiana," warned James Moffett, chairman of Freeport-McMoRan, the state's second largest public company, "wouldn't just be redlined by businesses around the nation and the world, we'd be X-rated."

The anti-Duke coalition was one of the most bizarre in modern American politics. Churches, environmentalists and liberal activists joined with the Establishment to fight Duke. Former Republican Governor David Treen endorsed Edwards, who once joked that Treen was so slow it took him an hour and a half to watch *60 Minutes*. Even President Bush made an 11th-hour endorsement, fearful of what a Duke victory would mean for his party's efforts to woo black voters.

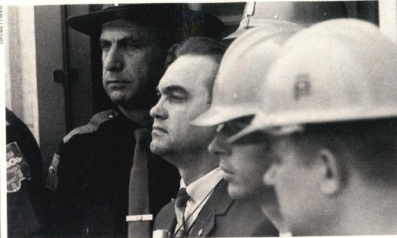
But having won, Edwards will now have to govern a badly bruised and divided state. Virtually all of Duke's votes came from whites, while the black vote went for Edwards. Having won only as the lesser of evils, Edwards now owes it to all Louisianians to restore some standards of decency to his traumatized state.

—With reporting by Don Winbush/Bossier City and Richard Woodbury/Houston

POLITICS

Why Bigotry Still Works At Election Time

When politicians rail about crime, welfare or Big Government, they are often really talking about race



By **DAN GOODGAME** WASHINGTON

Demagogues don't yell "nigger" or "Jew boy" anymore. They've learned better. Just as David Duke shed his Klansman's sheets and Nazi uniform for the well-groomed banality of a suburban stockbroker, he traded in his bigoted rhetoric for a slick new glossary of coded appeals to racial resentment, market tested over the past two decades by mainstream conservative politicians. When Duke, following Richard Nixon's lead, denounces hiring "quotas," many among his white working-class supporters hear him saying, "The government is going to give your jobs to blacks. When Duke, like Ronald Reagan, castigates "welfare queens," nobody has to be told what color they are.

John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, observed in the course of denouncing Duke on the eve of last Saturday's election, "If he succeeds, it will be by appearing to run *not* as a racist." Yet the sad truth is that Duke has been exploiting a political style and strategy that Governors, Senators and Presidents have been using to win elections since 1968, the year Democrat George Wallace demonstrated that white populism, stripped of overtly racist language, could attract support outside the South.

Disguised race baiting persists in politics for a simple reason: it works. "Some of us would like to get beyond this business of

scaring people and dividing them against blacks," says one of George Bush's closest political advisers, "but it's hard to argue against a formula that's seen as successful." The tactic has succeeded best in states and districts where the minority population is large enough that whites can be made to feel threatened by it. When George Brown ran for re-election as Tennessee's first black supreme court justice in 1980, he says he got more support from white hillbillies who had never met a black professional than he did from whites in the Nashville area, where, Brown says, "a lot of whites think they know about blacks."

Racial tactics can backfire if they are ill-timed or overly strident. Many white voters will abandon any candidate who they judge has crossed the line into blatant racism. Several top political aides, including the late Lee Atwater, counseled Bush to sign the civil rights bill passed by Congress last year, rather than make an issue of quotas so long before his next campaign. "Quotas are a legitimate issue," says one G.O.P. strategist, "but I thought it couldn't be sustained for 24 months without making a mistake. And when you make a mistake on this issue, it's a big mistake because it gets you labeled racist, and there's nothing more sensitive to our yuppie constituency."

While many politicians are accused of employing racial euphemisms, all deny guilt. The line between legitimate debate and ap-

peals to racism is often fuzzy and turns on the good faith and background of the candidate. Candidates rarely play the race card as baldly as North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms did in 1990 in his race against Democrat Harvey Gantt, the black former mayor of Charlotte. Helms, who refers to blacks as "Freds" and has for decades been hostile to civil rights legislation, was eight points behind Gantt three weeks before the election. Then he ran an 11th-hour TV ad showing the hands of a white man crumpling a rejection slip for a job that had been reserved for a "racial quota."

Many Republicans as well as Democrats denounced the ad for inflaming racial animosity. But it worked: Helms came from behind to win, 52% to 48%.

In other cases, however, Republicans as well as con-

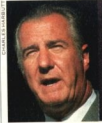
GEORGE WALLACE

After blocking the doors to black students at the University of Alabama in 1963, he took his racial populism north in two presidential campaigns

servative Democrats protest that many blacks and liberals are too quick to cry "racist" at any attempt to discuss explosive, racially tinged issues such as welfare, crime and affirmative action. "There is no reason for Republicans to be ashamed to talk about racial preferences in terms of equal opportunity," says former Republican Party chairman Bill Bennett. "You're probably going to get called a racist, but that won't stick if you establish credibility on these issues by spending time among black

SPIRO AGNEW

As Richard Nixon's Vice President, he used racial code words to exploit antiblack feelings stirred by urban rioting



people, in schools and on street corners," debating them instead of talking about them. Housing Secretary Jack Kemp, who spends more time among working-class blacks than any other Bush adviser, says that "if you don't have a positive message to balance talk of racial quotas, you're going to come across to blacks as discriminating."

In the recently published book *Chain Reaction*, authors Thomas and Mary Edsall write that race "is no longer a straightforward, morally unambiguous force in American politics." Instead, the Edsalls contend, considerations of race permeate voter attitudes toward such issues as taxation, equal opportunity, public safety and moral values. Racism alone, they say, fails to explain why large numbers of white, formerly Democratic voters have defected to the G.O.P. Worse yet, from the Democratic standpoint, blasting the defectors as bigots instead of exploring the complicated reasons for their disaffection only angers them. "Democratic liberals' reliance on charges of racism guarantees political defeat," the Edsalls write, "and . . . guarantees continued ignorance of the dynamics at the core of presidential politics."

Though some Democrats hope Duke will sully the G.O.P. as a racist party, Democrats must share the blame for Duke's success and the rising national appetite for Duke's scapegoating style. Leaders of both parties attribute Duke's appeal to rising unemployment, yet as Democratic strategist James Carville, a native of Louisiana, observes, it is Democrats who are held most responsible for "failing to define ourselves as we traditionally have, as the party that defends the interests of working people of all races."

Polling and focus-group studies by both parties show that working-class voters increasingly believe the system is loaded in favor of the rich and the poor, at the expense of the middle. "They see that the top of America and the bottom don't operate by the same rules as the rest of us," says Elaine Kamarck, senior fellow at the Progressive Policy Institute in Washington. "The big executives run companies into the ground and give themselves big bonuses. The welfare recipients take drugs, engage in crime and have babies they can't afford, while the legal secretary is scrimping and saving to afford another kid." These voters consider both parties to be controlled by wealthy campaign contributors but view the Democrats as also beholden to other "special interests," including blacks. Many of Duke's supporters "don't resent blacks as blacks," says a Republican pollster. "They resent them as a special-interest group that gets special favors."



RONALD REAGAN

Campaigning in Mississippi during the 1980 election, he refined the earlier racial strategies of Wallace and Nixon: when he castigated "welfare queens," no one had to ask what color they were

Democrats also must share with Republicans the responsibility for the barrenness of political debate in which Duke has thrived. When the subject is welfare, for example, few leaders of either party point out that the major programs for the poor constitute about 6% of federal spending—far less than the value of corporate tax breaks and other welfare for the wealthy. "You can't write off Duke's voters as racists," says Tony Snow, the chief White House speechwriter. "Duke is talking about things people really care about: high taxes, crummy schools, crime-ridden streets, welfare dependency, equal opportunity. A lot of politicians aren't talking about these things."

Harris Wofford, the liberal Democrat who upset former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh for a Senate seat from Pennsylvania two weeks ago, understood the impatience of working-class voters with Democrats who talk more about the agendas of gay and feminist activists than about lunch-box economic issues. Wofford avoided that mistake by talking mostly about jobs and health insurance. Fred Steeper, a Republican pollster who surveyed Louisiana voters before the recent primary vote, observes that "Duke is tapping into the same middle-class frustration as Wofford"—but in a far more destructive way.

Duke ran for President (on the Populist Party ticket) in 1988 and may well do so in 1992 (as a Republican). And although most of Bush's political advisers see little threat to the President's reelection from the ex-Klansman, some fear he could peel away Republican votes as a third-party candidate in the general election, as Wallace did to the Democrats

in 1968 and 1972. If Duke runs, he will surely attack Bush for signing a civil rights bill little different from the one he vetoed as a "quota bill" in 1990.

Bush believes his racial attitudes are above reproach because of the support he has given the United Negro College Fund since he was a Yale undergraduate in the 1940s and because he has reached out widely to black leaders and spoken at black colleges. At the same time, critics observe, Bush opposed the 1964 Civil Rights Act. During his 1988 campaign, Bush almost never went into black neighborhoods to ask for votes. And his campaign relied heavily on TV spots focusing on Willie Horton, a black murderer who raped a white woman while on furlough from a Massachusetts prison.

Bush has a talent for convincing himself that his motives are pure. When he nominated Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court, for example, he was asked whether it mattered to him that Thomas was black. "I picked the best man for the job," Bush declared, adding that if Thomas happened to be black and maintained a black presence on the high court, "so much the better." That would seem to be Bush's attitude toward racial code. When his campaign harps on Willie Horton, Bush believes he is only making a point about crime. If some voters find the pitch more persuasive because Horton is black—well, so much the better.



GEORGE BUSH

He believes his racial attitudes are above reproach, but he used the image of Willie Horton, a black convict who raped a woman while on furlough, to paint Democrat Michael Dukakis as soft on crime



The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

The Abortion Issue—Again

For George Bush, abortion is the issue from hell. "You know how he deals with it," Republican National Committee chairman Lee Atwater told me shortly before he died last March. "He doesn't. You mention abortion to the President and he stares at the floor, fiddles with his glasses, paces around the room, trots out some old story to change the subject. Those who need to talk to him about it check his mood closely. If he's testy, you postpone the discussion—and since there's no surer way to make him testy than to mention abortion, most often those discussions never take place."

Postponement is a luxury Bush can no longer afford. The President has already vetoed legislation broadening abortion rights five times, and a sixth, even more controversial proposal will hit his desk soon. This time the question concerns abortion counseling. Congress has voted to overturn the "gag rule," the federal regulation that forbids doctors at 4,000 federally funded family-planning clinics even to mention the abortion option to pregnant women. Another veto is expected, but the White House and Republican campaign advisers are split over the political repercussions.

The "let it be" school points to the President's sagging popularity and proposes that Bush avoid adding to his troubles by appearing to stifle free speech. This group would let Congress's action become law. The "stick it to 'em" school is led by White House chief of staff John Sununu, a longtime antiabortion activist. Sununu and his allies argue that a veto will protect Bush's political base. "There's no chance the right-to-lifers will defect to the Democrats if he signs the bill," says a White House aide. "What we're worried about is their staying home on Election Day. It is increasingly clear that we're going to need an energized pro-life vote in the '92 general election—and possibly even before, if Pat Buchanan challenges the President in the primaries. This is no time to violate the old axiom. We've got to stay with the folks who brought us to the dance, and the pro-lifers are a large part of that contingent."

The gag-rule debate is only the latest skirmish in a war over abortion that could injure Bush severely. The ultimate battle will be joined if the Supreme Court overturns the landmark abortion-rights decision, *Roe v. Wade*, before next year's election—an action some pro-choice activists would ironically welcome. Planned Parenthood, for one, is eager to throw the issue into the political arena as quickly as possible, and so is urging the high court to consider immediately Pennsylvania's restrictive abortion law, on the assumption that the conservative Justices appointed by Bush and Ronald Reagan would use the occasion to strike down *Roe*. Almost every Bush aide except Sununu is apoplectic at that possibility. The last thing they want is for abortion to become the campaign issue that tears the electorate apart; they've got enough trouble with the economy. Most observers believe the court will wait, but even

if reconsidering *Roe* is put off until 1993, Bush will face another bruising fight over abortion at next summer's Republican Party convention in Houston.

A group of G.O.P. activists encouraged by Atwater's "Big Tent" philosophy—the notion that the party can accommodate different ideological views—are out to modify the party platform's antiabortion plank. As currently written, the platform asserts that "the unborn child has a fundamental right to life which cannot be infringed," a position that refuses to embrace exceptions for rape, incest or danger to the mother's life. "We are not going to roll over again," says Ann Stone, who heads Republicans for Choice. "We will continue to be somewhat civil, but we are no longer going to be silent."

Stone likes the pro-choice Republicans' chances because of the take-no-prisoners rhetoric of pro-life Republicans like Phyllis Schlafly and because of widespread revulsion against the tactics of Operation Rescue, the organization whose efforts to close abortion clinics in Wichita will expand to five other cities this week. Stone has already raised close to \$1 million and hopes to have organized 250,000 "Choice Republicans" by January. She has cleverly cast the issue as one of freedom from governmental tampering with individual rights. "Schlafly would have you think that to be pro-choice means you must be pro-abortion," says Stone in her most successful fund-raising letter. Schlafly "doesn't believe a woman

has the right to make this important decision for herself... As Republicans, we oppose government interference in our private lives."

A majority of the 1988 G.O.P. convention delegates were pro-choice. They supported the pro-life position out of loyalty to Bush. Most of those delegates will return next year, and Stone hopes this time they will vote their conscience. She is actively lobbying the '88 delegates, and she is chartering state affiliates to ensure that pro-choice Republicans challenge pro-lifers when the '92 delegates are selected. Insisting that "no one wants to hurt the President," Stone's suggested platform language would gracefully bow to Bush's antiabortion views while stating clearly that dissent from the President's stance can be tolerated by the party without recrimination. Sununu, naturally, is against watering down the pro-life provisions. In mid-September he stated that the President will accept "no change" in the platform. But on Oct. 8 Vice President Dan Quayle indicated that Atwater's Big Tent is both politically wise and consistent with Bush's thinking. Either Sununu or Quayle is wrong—and Bush isn't talking.

This one could go down to the wire, with the President bending to the political winds as he perceives them at the time. All that is certain is that whatever position Bush finally adopts will be glorified as an affirmation of principle—and that principle will be the last thing on his mind. ■



Pro-choice marchers object to the gag rule

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AMERICAN NOTES



Who is the culprit? The First Baptist Church in Ocala, Fla.

CRIME

Fire in the Sanctuary

Blackened rubble was all that remained last week of the St. Augustine Catholic Church in Gainesville, Fla. It was the latest casualty in a wave of suspicious fires that have claimed 50 churches in Florida since April 1990, seven in Gainesville alone. Since most of the blazes have been explosive conflagrations that roared up in the middle of the night, some congregations have taken to sleeping in their sanctuaries to protect them.

There has been little apparent pattern to the fires, which have struck at a variety of denominations and at churches with both black and white congregations. A few days after the Gainesville fire, Florida police arrested an ex-convict from Chattanooga, Tenn., on charges of loitering in the area, but say he is only one of many suspects. State and federal investigators believe that while many of the fires are the work of just one or two arsonists, others may be copycat crimes. In that case, Florida churchgoers may have to bed down in the pews for some time.

ELECTIONS

Pat for President?

He believes the income tax should be abolished. He opposed George Bush on the gulf war, saying the conflict was not in the nation's interest. He was once described as Ronald Reagan's right arm. Now Patrick Buchanan, 53, may be running for President, challenging Bush for the Republican nomination. "It's a go," said his sister, Angela ("Bay") Buchanan, former U.S. Treasurer. "He's so excited."

Not so the White House. Though in public they dismiss Bu-

chanan as a nuisance—Marlin Fitzwater noted last week that the White House "already had one Buchanan," in 1957—Administration officials privately admit that the ultraconservative columnist's entry in the primary race could force Bush to play more to the political right to avoid being outflanked by the co-star of the nightly CNN debatefest *Crossfire*. Buchanan's candidacy could make the Republican primary

interesting—even if only briefly. And his pesky debating style might be just what some senior Republicans say is needed to help get a passive and complacent Bush back into fighting trim.



Buchanan

MURDERS

More Death in The Mailroom

Fellow workers called Thomas McIlvane a "time bomb" after he was fired last year from the Royal Oak, Mich., post office for insubordination. "Everybody said if he didn't get his job back, he was going to come in and shoot," postal worker Bob Cibulka said. "Everyone was talking about it." Last week the 31-year-old former Marine proved them right. Armed with a sawed-off .22-cal. Ruger Rimfire rifle, he entered the back sorting room of the 1940s-style office and killed his supervisor and the labor arbitrator who had turned down his appeal for reinstatement. In all, he murdered four and wounded five others, fatally shooting himself in the head. The shooting spree prompted an urgent plea for blood donors throughout metropolitan Detroit.

Royal Oak was the fifth multiple post-office

murder in as many years. Last month in Paterson, N.J., an ex-postal employee wielding a sword and gun killed his supervisor and three others. Labor analysts struggled last week to explain why postal workers seem more prone to violence than workers in other high-stress fields, like coal mining or air-traffic control. One possible explanation: budget cuts that have reduced the screening and supervision of workers. Another could be the boot-camp conditions that exist for many workers. Delivering the mail is not necessarily a more dangerous profession than most, just an easier one for unstable workers to enter.



The relieved survivors of Royal Oak

NUPTIALS

A Present From a Prince

Staff Sergeant Robert Snow of Southington, Conn., gave quite a bit in Operation Desert Storm. A land-mine explosion left him with a shattered left arm, a broken leg and a col-

lapsed lung. Last week Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Saudi Arabian ambassador to the U.S., gave quite a bit in return: \$100,000, as a wedding gift to Snow and his bride Karin Pajor.

The prince first heard of Snow in March at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where Bandar was being treated for back problems while Snow was

recovering from one of more than 12 operations. When the prince was told of Snow's condition, he tried to visit the soldier but was told he was too badly injured, and so sent flowers instead. They later met in the hospital and remained in touch by letter over the past nine months. When Snow and Pajor invited the prince to their wedding, he accepted. "The human touch is the most important to me," he says. "We get so caught up in heavier issues."

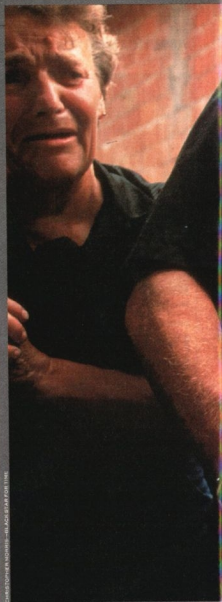


The couple and their benefactor

YUGOSLAVIA

The Human Cost of War

After 12 failed cease-fires, Croats and Serbs are starving and dying—and wondering why no one stops the bloodletting



Bravado in the midst of tears and fears: Serbian

By JILL SMOLOWE

The scars may be just months old, but they cut deep enough to last a lifetime. In Dubrovnik, the architectural jewel of the Adriatic that has been under siege since Oct. 1, 50,000 civilians spent last week huddled in underground cellars and shelters while shells tore apart their matchless city. With potable water and food in ever diminishing supply, terrified Yugoslavs subsisted on powdered milk and the forlorn hope that the international community might finally come to their rescue.

To the north and east along the banks of the Danube River, the stench of decomposing livestock, pets and people wafted through the rubble-strewn streets of Vuko-

var. Through 12 weeks of fighting, 58,000 townspeople had fled. The 12,000 who remained behind cowered in the town's cellars and sewers, rolling cigarettes from tea leaves and burning strips of doused cloth for light. "This is hell," Vesna Vukovic, a Croatian television reporter, pleaded over the airwaves. "We just cannot stand it anymore."

It was a cry of despair from a civilian population that has seen its collective lives, homes and loved ones laid waste by artillery and gunboat bombardments. The relentless barrages on Dubrovnik and Vukovar were only the most dramatic reminders of the human toll in this vengeful war between Europeans—the worst on the Continent since 1945. No one had even begun to add up the economic and physical damage

to the country. Was anybody with the power to stop the carnage listening?

Only perhaps. After almost five months of hostilities, 12 failed truces and a death tally of more than 7,000, the Croatian and Serbian militias signaled last week that even they may finally have had enough. In the most promising bid yet for a true cessation of hostilities, both sides agreed to the proposed dispatch of United Nations peacekeeping forces. Croatia, which has lost control of almost a third of its territory, for the first time invited U.N. troops to be stationed in areas populated by Serbs. In exchange, the Yugoslav federal army, which has acted in tandem with Serbian militias, announced that it would withdraw from Croatian territory if the security of the Serbian enclaves could be assured.



volunteers flash their three-fingered salute; a Croatian youth cries at the funeral of his father, a policeman who was killed by Serbs

The move toward a resolution of the crisis seemed to take a little of the ferocity out of the fighting. In Dubrovnik, where the guns were stilled at midweek to permit the evacuation of wounded civilians and 14 European Community monitors, a tenuous cease-fire held from one hour to the next. In Vukovar the fighting also subsided, largely because the Serbs seemed to have subdued the Croatian forces, despite reports that an organized force of holdouts had taken refuge in the sewer system. Although the army continued to pound Vukovar with rockets and artillery, a Western diplomat said, "They're not doing much now but making the rubble bounce."

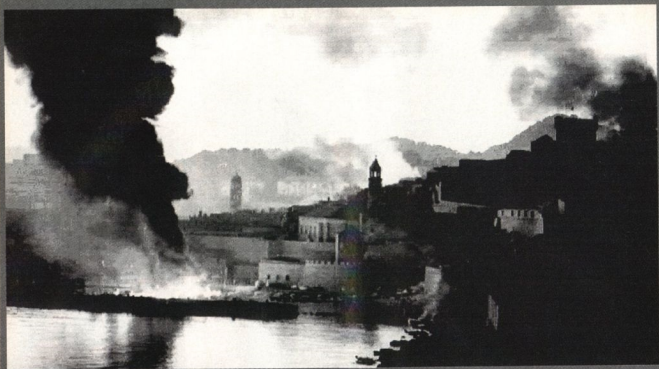
Silencing of the guns in Vukovar would be a symbolic achievement. The quaint town in the eastern Slavonian region of

Croatia is one of two largest areas in the republic populated predominantly by Serbs, which gives it a significance disproportionate to its size and population. The federal army intervened in force to show that it could defend embattled Serbs; the Croats dug in to demonstrate that they could hold out on their own soil. The results proved only how futile this war really is. The ill-armed paramilitary forces fielded by the Croats learned they could not stand up to the overwhelming military superiority of the army. As for the army, it "defended" Serbian civilians so thoroughly that barely a single Serbian house is left intact.

The months of war have touched every pocket of Croatia, where the lessons learned are certain to breed hatred for generations to come. An estimated

500,000 Croats and Serbs have fled the republic since war erupted following its June 25 declaration of independence. Zvezdana Mjovic, 30, is one such refugee, currently living with 136 others in a children's summer camp south of Belgrade. The daughter of a Croatian mother and a Serbian father, Zvezdana and her Serbian husband had lived peaceably among mostly Croatian neighbors in the western town of Zadar until the fighting began.

"Suddenly my neighbors refused to greet me," Zvezdana says. "My husband lost his job as a watchman in a factory." The fabric of her family life also unraveled quickly. "My uncle, my mother's brother, cursed the Serbs in the most awful language," she says. "I can see that he had to say those things in front of others, but he



PETER NORTALL—APF



ZELKO—GAMMA LIAISON FOR TIME

Wanton destruction: in the south, smoke and flames choke the harbor and the walled old city of Dubrovnik, where medieval buildings and pieces of art have been destroyed; in the northeast, federal army troops carry a victim in Vukovar as they fight to take control of the city from Croatian defenders

never came to me privately to apologize. That hurt me very deeply." The psychological strain became so great that Zvezdana fled with her two children. "There is nothing in Zadar for me anymore," she says. "I have no contact with my mother." Zvezdana's husband joined the legion of jobless, estimated at more than 1.5 million, fully 12% of the Yugoslav labor force.

Frustrated and angry, he has signed up with one of the many local paramilitary forces in a Serbian-dominated area.

It is precisely such groups that give Serbian, Croatian and federal army authorities little hope that the fighting will soon end. Although officials reached agreement on a 13th truce late last week, none of them exercise full control over the hotheaded para-

military forces. Major General Milav Pujic, a Deputy Minister of Defense, estimates that to hold territory one peacekeeping soldier will be needed for every 10 civilians. It remains an open question whether the international community has the manpower, the stomach or the sympathy for such a massive operation.

—Reported by

James O. Jackson/Belgrade

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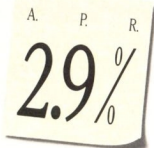
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America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

Fiddling While Dubrovnik Burns

The civil war in Yugoslavia is more than just a tragedy for the people of one country. It is also the first test of whether the custodians of European security are up to the task of redefining their interests and obligations now that the old communist enemy is history. So far, they've flunked.

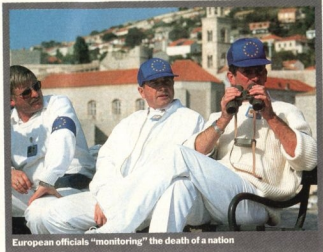
Two years ago, when the Iron Curtain was coming down, almost everyone in the West was celebrating—except Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger. In a speech at Georgetown University, he found the cloud in the silver lining. "For all its risks and uncertainties," he said, "the cold war was characterized by a remarkably stable and predictable set of relationships among the great powers." He foresaw the "danger that the change in the East will prove too destabilizing to be sustained." He was thinking particularly about Yugoslavia, where he began his diplomatic career. He knew what ancient demons lurked in the Balkans, waiting, along with decent folk, to be liberated from communism.

Since World War II, the very idea of a federal state uniting the South Slavs—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes and the rest—has depended on an ideology that claimed to be more powerful than nationalism and on a common fear of the U.S.S.R. Now the Yugoslavs are free to fight among themselves, avenging old wrongs and seeking independence from—or domination over—one another. With Marx and even Tito in disrepute, the strongmen in Belgrade are exposed for what most of them have always been: Serbian imperialists, bent on maintaining control not only over their republic but over the others as well—especially Croatia, where there is a large Serbian population.

Meanwhile, one well-intentioned emissary after another has tried to mediate. Twelve cease-fires have come and gone. At the end of last week, there was an attempt at No. 13. Governments across Europe have condemned Belgrade for trying to carve Greater Serbia out of the flanks of neighboring republics, and for systematically destroying the civilian centers and cultural monuments of other nationalities. The European Community has announced economic sanctions against Yugoslavia, aimed primarily at Serbia.

However, even as he reluctantly endorsed these measures, President Bush expressed doubt that they would work. Peaceful means, Eagleburger noted, rarely work against people "intent on killing each other." There is nothing the outside world can do to stop the carnage in Yugoslavia, he continued, unless it is prepared to intervene militarily, not with a peacekeeping force of the kind in which the United Nations specializes but with a peacemaking one.

Eagleburger was not advocating that course, but it is still worth thinking about. The E.C. could take the initiative, seeking the blessing of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, which would bring in the new democracies of Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union. The CSCE charter can be interpreted as forbidding the kind of territorial expansionism that Serbia is now pursuing. Then the E.C. could use the manpower and firepower available through NATO for a difficult three-stage mission: 1) drive the Yugoslav/Serbian army, the Croatian national guard and the various other militias back



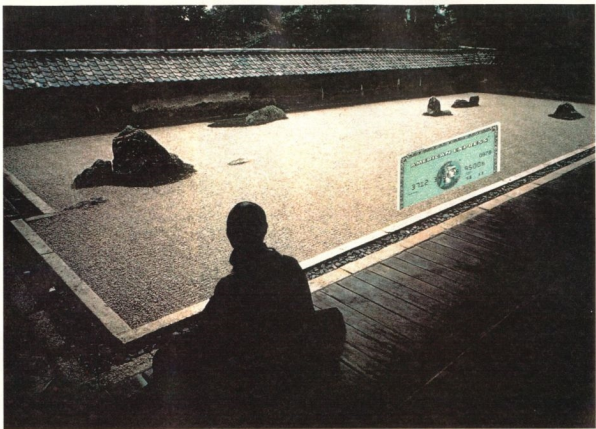
European officials "monitoring" the death of a nation

into their barracks; 2) impose a truce that would lead to negotiations; and 3) back up international supervision of a settlement that guarantees the safety of minorities wherever they live: Serbs in Croatia, Croats in Serbia, etc.

Bush has dismissed any thought of such action as premature. As Eagleburger has acknowledged, there is no stomach for it in Europe, much less in the U.S.—and for good reason: it would be a risky and thankless task for any outsiders, no matter how numerous and well armed, to interpose themselves in Yugoslavia's tribal feuds and partisan warfare. But before dismissing intervention altogether, Western leaders should remember how they dealt earlier this year with the first great threat to the new world order. Global outrage, combined with diplomatic and economic sanctions, did not dislodge Saddam Hussein from that corner of Greater Iraq better known as Kuwait. It took a massive multilateral expeditionary force.

True, Saddam violated an international border, while Yugoslavia's misery is supposedly "internal." Well, just wait. Like all tragedies, this one has an air of inevitability, and the next act is all too easy to imagine: Serbian troops or vigilantes massacre Hungarian-speaking villagers in the Yugoslav province of Vojvodina, north of Belgrade, provoking Hungary to come to the rescue of its ethnic kinsmen. A senior leader in Budapest has privately warned the Bush Administration that his government is preparing for just that contingency; the Hungarian army is moving south. Something similar could happen on Yugoslavia's border with Romania, Bulgaria or Albania. Violence and refugees could spread throughout the region.

Meanwhile, European and American officials are dithering over the future of the Atlantic defense partnership and the preservation of peace on the Continent. They tend to treat Yugoslavia as an embarrassing distraction rather than the No. 1 challenge. They are fiddling with doctrine while Dubrovnik burns. If the Western alliance can't cope with the crisis in Yugoslavia, it doesn't deserve to survive the end of the cold war.



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At cross purposes: Baker and Qian begin their talks at a state guesthouse in Beijing

CHINA

Comes the Evolution

Beijing's gerontocrats want Western trade and investment but are determined to save their system

By BRUCE W. NELAN

A specter is haunting China—the specter of capitalism. But the octogenarian leaders in Beijing don't come right out and say that. They call their bugaboo "peaceful evolution," an innocuous-sounding code phrase for what they think is an onslaught led by the U.S. to overturn their socialist system.

The Chinese hard-liners, like those in Stalinist North Korea and anachronistic Vietnam, are determined not to share the fate of their communist counterparts in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. China's internal watchdogs are visibly busier now than they were before the August coup attempt in Moscow. Police squads patrol city streets at night and keep close watch on the families and friends of jailed dissidents. Party offices are conducting more ideology classes than usual.

Meanwhile, George Bush almost pleads guilty to the Chinese charge of subversive activities. "China is important," he said in a speech to the Asia Society in New York City last week. "It is our policy to remain engaged. We believe this is the way to

effect positive change in the world's most populous nation." Bush does in fact hope for peaceful evolution in China, but American diplomatic, cultural and commercial efforts in that direction are well publicized and hardly conspiratorial—and so far, not noticeably effective.

With such sharply conflicting political concerns, the U.S. and China might have taken the view that this is not a good time to try to sort out the many issues that divide them. An internal Chinese Communist Party document warned in September: "The West will now step up its pressure on China, and a small number of bourgeois liberal elements in China could try to take advantage of the situation."

Beijing is skittish enough these days to consider any concession to the West as a step onto a slippery slope. For his part, Bush is fighting efforts in Congress to eliminate China's most favored nation trading status because of its human rights abuses. To fend it off, he needs evidence that the Chinese are ready to improve their behavior at home and abroad.

Both countries put their stakes on Secretary of State James Baker's visit to Bei-

jing last week. He is the highest ranking American official to arrive since the government forces massacred pro-democracy demonstrators at Tiananmen Square in June 1989. He tried to deflect the inevitable criticism with a message similar to Bush's: "You cannot work out or solve problems if you are not willing to sit down and talk to people."

The points of conflict are, as he put it, "real," and human rights are one of the most inflamed. Some 800 participants in the democracy movement remain in prison, many of them in deplorable conditions. The Chinese gulag is still crowded, and its inmates turned out some of the goods that helped build China's \$10.4 billion trade surplus with the U.S. last year. Both the prison labor and the trade surplus are sore points in Washington.

So is Beijing's seeming willingness to sell weaponry and nuclear equipment to almost any state with the cash to pay for it. China has delivered missiles to Pakistan, contracted to sell missiles to Syria and is cooperating on nuclear technology with Iran and Algeria. Though China says it is supplying items for peaceful nuclear programs, the recipients can use them for any purpose they choose, and their likely intention is to build atom bombs. The U.S. demands a halt.

The Chinese, of course, would like to ignore American protests. But that is not so easy now that the Soviet Union is out of the superpower business and the trade and investment China needs so badly are available mostly from capitalist nations. "China knows full well that its future depends on relations with developed countries," says Gaston Sigur, a former Assistant Secretary of State for Asia.

Accordingly, Beijing has had to rein in its truculence a bit. China has said it is willing to sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, and in September Beijing agreed to talk about ways to guarantee Washington that prison-made goods would not be sold to the U.S. China has indicated it will consider adhering to the guidelines of the 18-nation Missile Technology Control Regime. It also helped establish the U.N.-administered peace settlement that returned Prince Norodom Sihanouk to Cambodia last week.

By the time Baker arrived in Beijing on Friday, his meetings in other Asian capitals had turned North Korea's nuclear weapons program into the most prominent topic on his agenda. Experts say Pyongyang is probably producing plutonium and might have enough for a bomb within two to five years. American officials said they hoped to enlist China, Japan and the Soviet Union in a joint effort to push North Korea out of the nuclear field.

This, it happens, is a matter on which the U.S. and China might possibly find common ground, even though the Chinese feel protective about the remaining Marxist states in Asia. "There should be no nu-

clear weapons on the Korean peninsula," said Chinese Foreign Minister Qian Qichen. Neither did he want to encourage U.S. influence, so Qian added that "consultation" and "dialogue" were the way to proceed because "we do not wish to see any international pressure."

Baker responded that an international call for North Korea to halt its weapons program "does not necessarily involve pressure." He hoped to handle the problem "politically and diplomatically," he said. Beijing seemed to be preparing to tell Baker that China, not the U.S., should take the lead on this. The Chinese want to keep Pyongyang from getting the bomb, but they also want Korea to remain divided so they will not have to compete with a vibrant new economy on their border. Most of all, they want to prevent the U.S. from dominating Asian regional affairs.

Baker held marathon talks with Qian, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Premier Li and party chief Jiang Zemin, ticking off U.S. concerns about political repression, arms sales, the trade imbalance, North Korea. A senior State Department official, recalling Baker's eight months of shuttle diplomacy that led to the Middle East peace talks in Madrid, called the discussions in Beijing "every bit as tough and difficult, if not tougher." At one point President Yang told the secretary that some problems "cannot be solved for the time being, and the two sides may well leave them aside." On the eve of his departure Sunday, the Chinese had given Baker nothing. American officials were still hoping for an 11th-hour concession. But even if they got one, Chinese pledges of better behavior have not proved durable in the past.

"On one hand," says Hunter College professor Donald Zagoria, "they're going to try to meet some American concerns. On the other, they're going to show they have alternatives." Among those are China's increasing cooperation with countries like Vietnam and Iran, nations that share a deep resentment of U.S. influence.

Long-term improvement in Sino-U.S. relations will have to wait until a new generation takes over in Beijing. The old men in charge there now, like those in Vietnam and North Korea, are veterans of the revolutions that put Marxism in power. They intend to hold sway until they die. President Yang, 84, reportedly told his colleagues that the Soviet Union fell apart because it had no "old revolutionaries" left.

The U.S. and other democratic nations must maintain some contact with China if only to provide incentives against its taking even more objectionable steps and to help educate a younger generation of leaders in dealing with the West. But the transition could be lengthy, and the gerontocrats will do their best to fight off the "spiritual pollution" of liberal ideas and the haunting conspiracy of peaceful evolution. —Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing and J.F.O. McAllister with Baker

CAMBODIA

One Step Out of a Nightmare

Sihanouk comes home, bringing with him frail hopes that a U.N.-monitored peace might end his country's tragedy

By JAMES WALSH

A man quick to laughter and tears, Prince Norodom Sihanouk was bursting with both. An Air China jetliner from Beijing had just brought him home to Phnom Penh after a tortuous personal odyssey of nearly 13 years. For all the flag waving and jasmine petals that greeted him, though, the return last week of Cambodia's exiled former head of state brought no certain end to his homeland's generation-long nightmare. The Sino-Soviet rivalry that had helped drive Cambodia's civil war may have history. U.N. troops and officials may have

ministers who have never been to Cambodia."

The legacy of 20 years of warfare is explosive. Land mines dot the countryside like rice seedlings, and fighting forces remain heavily armed. U.N. troops may eventually demobilize regular units, but retrieving militia weapons will be harder. Banditry has been rising since a cease-fire took effect last May. A superficial boom in the capital conceals a generally wretched standard of living in the provinces. Major highways can suddenly dissolve into swamps, and 80% of bridges are patched-up affairs.

The U.N.'s peace-monitoring troops,



Tears of joy, for now: the garlanded homecomer in his motorcade alongside Hun Sen

arrived to help restore peace. But the seeds of further ordeals remained strewn everywhere in Sihanouk's tragic country.

Under the auspices of a U.N.-brokered settlement, the Prince has returned to lead a transitional Supreme National Council composed of Cambodia's four warring factions. It includes, by necessity, Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, whose Maoist-inspired ideology had devastated the country from 1975 to 1979 and resulted in more than 1 million deaths. Sihanouk on his return called for an international trial of Khmer Rouge leaders on charges of genocide—which poses a stern test for even his powers of adaptability, since those same leaders will sit on the council he is to head.

The Paris agreement signed on Oct. 23 calls for the council to assume authority over international relations, but actual day-to-day government will remain in the hands of Hun Sen's Vietnamese-installed regime, pending elections some time in the next 18 months. Said a Soviet diplomat: "This settlement was drafted by a bunch of vice foreign

which perhaps will number 10,000 in all, are to arrive in full force early next year; until then, just 268 soldiers and civilian officials will be on hand. Their limited mandate—training Cambodians for mine-clearing operations, for example—makes them little more than window dressing.

Meanwhile, some rural Cambodians will probably remain susceptible to Khmer Rouge populist appeals as Pol Pot's men cultivate votes. Their propaganda, though crude, can be effective. Near an abandoned pagoda about 50 miles northeast of Phnom Penh, a wall is inscribed with the caricature of an urban intellectual. His fat tongue bears the message, THE RICH MAN HAS POWER. THE POOR ARE SCARED.

Even if Pol Pot's candidates get only 20% of the vote, it would be enough to re-establish them as a legitimate political force, able to disrupt the government from within. The Prince may have come home, but jasmine petals cannot quite hide the smell of dangers ahead. —Reported by Richard Hornik/Phnom Penh

If it had less legroom and cost thousands mo



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TERRORISM

Solving the Lockerbie Case

Two Libyans are indicted for the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103—but how can Gaddafi's regime be punished?

By **GEORGE J. CHURCH**

A charred piece of shirt, a shred of green plastic the size of a fingernail, the letters MEB0 and a cryptic diary entry. Those were the clues that finally unlocked a three-year-old mystery: Who planted the bomb that blew up Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, just before Christmas in 1988, killing all 259 people aboard and 11 more on the ground? The answer writ small, according to indictments issued last week in Washington and Scotland, is two Libyan intelligence officials: Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi and Lamen Khalifa Fhimah. They allegedly fabricated the bomb in Malta, packed it in a suitcase, and sent it on a circuitous route to the final blast.

The chance that either one can be spirited out of Libya and brought to trial in the U.S. seems remote. In any case, the real responsibility lies higher up: government officials on both sides of the Atlantic think the trail of blame leads straight into the office of Libyan dictator Muammar Gaddafi. But how can he and his regime be punished?

President Bush promised to consult with other world leaders to map out a way. French President François Mitterrand hinted that this time Paris might join—even though France only last month proposed that the European Community lift existing economic sanctions against Libya. An embarrassingly few days later, a French examining magistrate accused four other Libyans, including Gaddafi's brother-in-law Abdallah Senoussi, of bombing a French DC-10 jet that exploded over Africa nine months after the Lockerbie tragedy (death toll: 171). French intelligence suspects that both bombings were planned at the same meeting in Tripoli.

Reprisals could include a break in airline links between Libya and the outside world or an embargo on purchases of Libyan oil. White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater even hinted at military action.

But that might give only another spin to a long-running cycle of violence. To avenge the bombing, allegedly by Libya, of a German disco that killed two American soldiers, U.S. warplanes struck Tripoli and Benghazi in 1986. Speculation is that Gaddafi ordered the Lockerbie bombing in retaliation.

Suspicion in the Pan Am bombing initially fell on the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command,

plane and its parts from hundreds of thousands of fragments scattered across 845 sq. mi. of Scottish meadows, woods, bogs and lakes. Forensic experts eventually determined after examining fragments, including a tiny piece of tan plastic traceable to a particular model of Toshiba radio, that the bomb consisted of 10 oz. to 14 oz. of plastic explosive concealed inside the radio, which was in turn wrapped in clothing and packed inside a piece of brown Samsonite luggage.

In late 1989, a Scottish investigator going through a bag of burned clothing found a fingernail-size shred of green plastic embedded in a piece of shirt. The fragment was shipped to Washington, where Tom Thurman, an FBI bomb expert, obtained from the CIA a bomb that had been captured unexploded from Libyan-supported terrorists in the African nation of Togo. The bit of plastic from Lockerbie perfectly matched part of the timing device from the Togo explosive. The letters MEB0 had been imprinted and scratched out on the Togo bomb but were still decipherable. So the timer evidently had been made by Meister & Bollier, a Zurich firm also known as MEB0 AG. Company executives disclosed that the timing device was one of 20 delivered to a Libyan official in 1985 and 1986.

Meanwhile the charred bit of shirt was traced to a small store called Mary's House in Malta; employees who were questioned indicated it had been bought by Abdel Basset. Scouring Malta, investigators also found a diary kept by Fhimah, who had been a station manager there for Libyan Arab Airlines, with a revelatory entry: "Abdel Basset is coming from Zurich... Take tags [sic] from Air Malta." The apparent meaning: Fhimah used his access to airport

facilities to steal Air Malta baggage tags. The end of the story, as spelled out in the indictments: sometime between 8:15 a.m. and 9:15 a.m. on Dec. 21, 1988, Fhimah and Basset tagged the bag containing the bomb and placed it on Air Malta Flight KM-190 to Frankfurt. There it was transferred to a Pan Am flight to London, where it was reloaded onto Flight 103 for New York—passing over Lockerbie.

—Reported by
Helen Gibson/London, Farah Nayeri/Paris
and Elaine Shannon/Washington



Part of the Pan Am jet reconstructed from fragments of scattered wreckage



(LEFT) LAMEN
KHALIFA FHIMAH
(RIGHT) ABDEL
BASSET ALI
AL-MEGRAHI

At large in Libya:
the accused
bombers,
allegedly
operatives of
Gaddafi's
intelligence
service



supposedly prompted by Syria, Iran or both. Victims' relatives in both the U.S. and Britain last week voiced suspicion that Damascus was in fact involved but that its complicity has been overlooked as a reward for Syrian participation in the gulf war against Iraq and in the Arab-Israeli peace conference that started last month in Madrid. U.S. officials make a persuasive case, however, that Libya is solely responsible.

The first step in the investigation that cracked the case was to reconstruct the

Ripley's
Believe It or Not!

In Petaluma, Calif.,
30 CHILDREN PERFORMED
30 MIRACLES
IN 30 DAYS!



On October 18th, 1991, something quite amazing happened.

The people who live in the small Northern California town of Petaluma crowded into the Cinnabar School gymnasium and, after a few anxious moments of silence, watched a 9-year-old girl perform a Miracle.

Strange as it seems, this miracle—along with the 29 others witnessed that evening—can be explained:

It's called The Miracle Piano Teaching System.[™]

A revolutionary musical instrument that actually teaches you how to play it, thanks to an ingenious interactive keyboard that's unlike anything you've ever laid eyes, or fingers, on.

Only a month earlier, these youngsters were handed Miracles and told that in thirty days they'd be giving a recital. Most had never even touched a piano before.

Yet on that warm October evening, magical sounds filled the room. And parents watched in astonishment as their non-musical offspring enchanted the audience with inspired renditions of Brahms and Beethoven.

New York Times Calls The Miracle "Impressive."

They also called it "an electrifying teacher," referring to The Miracle's uncanny

Believe



These children were given a whole new kind of music teaching system and told they would give a concert.

ability to let you learn piano at your own pace.

Each lesson starts off easy. Then, step by step, the program gets more challenging as The Miracle's artificial intelligence system customizes every lesson to meet the player's individual needs.

The Miracle isn't just child's play; adults find it to be miraculous, too. In fact, for the price of only 10 hours of conventional music lessons,

your entire family can experience the joy of learning and playing music.

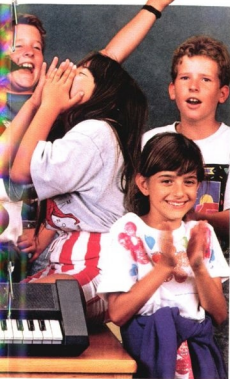
Best of all, The Miracle creates its lessons by drawing from its own extensive library of classical, pop and show tunes. All carefully selected to maintain your or your child's interest and enthusiasm.

Maybe that's why even the most easily distracted adolescents have been known to spend hours completely



Go duck hunting... and learn to recognize notes on the musical staff.

e It



vert in one month. What happened was miraculous.

absorbed in a Miracle lesson.

Why parents in Petaluma are, now that they've seen it, calling The Miracle a miracle.

And why the 11-year-old Murch twins say it's the biggest thing to happen in their town since the pizza place went in across from the movie theater.

What Goes Into The Making Of A Miracle.

The Miracle hooks up quickly and easily to any Nintendo Entertainment System,* Super NES,**

Commodore Amiga,* IBM* PC or compatibles.

The Miracle keyboard, even without its amazing software, rivals piano keyboards that cost twice as much.

It has a sustain pedal. Full sized velocity sensitive keys. An output jack that you can plug into a stereo for even bigger sound. And stereo earphones, in case the family terrier isn't too crazy about "Ode to Joy."

Add the software to this astounding keyboard and you have a remarkable music teaching system. One that patiently teaches children and adults alike how to read notes, understand rhythm and, best of all, make music.

The exciting Shooting Gallery game, for example, will instruct you to tell a C sharp from a B flat. Other games teach fingering, rhythm and timing. Flash cards will even appear on the screen for testing music theory.

And, during all this, The Miracle is constantly modifying and personalizing the program to fit the player's individual needs.

So the better you or your children get at playing these games, the better you'll get at reading notes.

Keeping rhythm. And then ultimately, playing the piano.

It Comes With Its Very Own Symphony.

The Miracle's fully digitized stereo orchestra plays right along with your child. At any level of play.

Just press a button and your tune will be instantly

surrounded by rich, symphonic sounds created by any of more than a hundred digitized instruments. Drums.

Harpischord. Synthesizer. Saxophone. And more. All providing the ultimate in concert hall accompaniment.

Thank goodness for those earphones.

And thank goodness those children in Petaluma didn't attempt to learn to play piano in just 4 weeks without the aid of a Miracle.

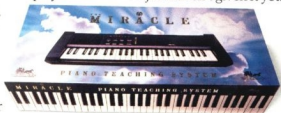
So whether your child is into Beethoven or "Roll Over Beethoven," The Miracle will let him or her discover the satisfaction of playing it.

Because your child does indeed have the gift of music.

You just haven't given it yet.



An 8 track studio lets you record and play back your own songs. Isn't that how Elvis got started?



The Miracle. The most revolutionary music teaching system in the world.

Actual Unretouched Photographs Of A Miracle.



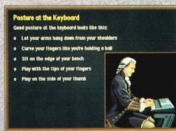
The Miracle is loaded with features that let you play at your own pace and level.



Learn melody patterns and fingering techniques from a game that's out of this world.



The interactive Miracle system displays each note as you play it. It's music to your eyes.



Posture at the Keyboard

Good posture at the keyboard looks like this:

- Let your arms hang down from your shoulders
- Curve your finger's like you're holding a ball
- Sit on the edge of your bench
- Play with the tips of your fingers
- Play on the side of your thumb



No slouching here. The Miracle program even teaches you proper posture at the keyboard.

A Miracle Is Now Being Performed At A Dealer Near You.

Babbages ♪ Child World ♪ Electric Ave. at Montgomery Ward ♪
Electronics Boutique ♪ Fred Meyer ♪ Fun Tronics Dept. at selected Sears
♪ Sears Catalog ♪ Silo ♪ Software Etc. ♪ Toys R Us

WORLD NOTES

SOVIET UNION

Face-Off With Boris

Boris Yeltsin is beginning to know what it feels like to be Mikhail Gorbachev. Last week the Russian president confronted a group of angry nationalists seeking independence from Moscow—and stumbled badly.

Faced with a virtual rebellion in Chechen-Ingush, a small, predominantly Muslim autonomous republic of 1.3 million in the south of the Russian Federation, Yeltsin declared a state of emergency and deployed 532 interior-ministry special police. The show of force only rallied sup-

port for Dzhokhar Dudayev, the former general who leads the revolt. As armed loyalists surrounded the federation force, Yeltsin's resolve began to crumble, and he agreed to the withdrawal of the stranded troops. In Moscow the Russian parliament delivered its own blow to the president's authority by voting overwhelmingly to veto his emergency decree.

Russia's ethnic troubles



Chechens seek independence in their capital, forcing Yeltsin to back down

only begin with Chechen-Ingush. Though non-Russian nationalities make up less than 20% of the federation's population, the 31 autonomous

areas they occupy constitute nearly half its territory. And many of them have proclaimed their desire for independence.

KENYA

A Death Explained

When the charred body of Foreign Minister Robert Ouko was found with a bullet in the head 21 months ago, a police report suggested he had committed suicide. Last week a judicial commission of inquiry finally learned the results of an independent investigation, headed by Scotland Yard detective John Troon, that had been suppressed by the government of President Daniel arap Moi. Troon concluded that Ouko had been murdered to stop his revelations of high-level corruption in the Moi administration.

Troon linked Ouko's death to a Washington visit in January 1990 by Moi, Ouko and Energy Minister Nicholas Biwott, who was recently accused of taking a 10% commission from an Italian contractor. Charging that "corruption in central government and personal vendetta were motives for Ouko's murder," Troon testified that Ouko and Biwott quarreled angrily after U.S. officials told the group a crackdown on government malfeasance would improve the business climate. Western governments, including the U.S., may withhold aid unless Kenya cleans up its act.



SOUTH AFRICA

Culling the Springboks

As the national teams' emblem, the springbok holds a place of respect in the record books. But as a symbol of apartheid, this graceful African gazelle became an endangered species on the world's playing fields because of boycotts by sports organizations. Now that South Africa is allowed to play again, the sporting springbok is threatened anew.

The African National Congress last week endorsed the South African National Olympic Committee's decision to replace the leaping springbok with a new

flag featuring Olympic rings on a background of silver, blue, brown and green. But President F.W. de Klerk charged that the committee was "abusing sport and culture for political ends."

It will not be the end of the springbok, however. South African national rugby and cricket teams are unlikely ever to be called anything else. South African cricketers played last week in India on their first tour abroad in 27 years. They were mobbed by Indian fans shouting "Welcome, Springboks!"

AUSTRIA

Notch One for Nativism

Jörg Haider will not say he is antiforeigner, but rather that he is "native-friendly." Semantics

aside, what Haider stands for is abundantly clear to the Viennese, who last week gave his far-right Freedom Party 22.6% of the vote in provincial elections. So popular was Haider's proposal for an immediate halt to immigration into Austria—

there are currently about 500,000 foreigners living in a population of 7.8 million—that his party displaced the conservative People's Party as the No. 2 power in the state.

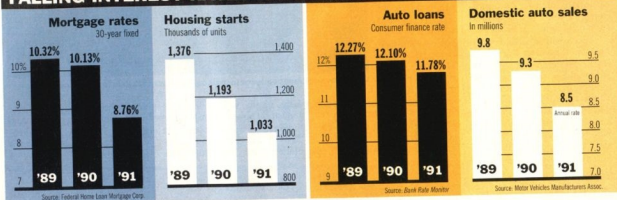
For Haider, the results in Vienna marked the third strong showing of his party at the polls in as many months. It has been a remarkable comeback for someone who was driven from office as governor of the province of Carinthia only last June. Reason: Haider lauded Nazi Germany's "employment policy." The statement was widely interpreted as an endorsement of slave labor and concentration camps. Haider's antiforeigner campaign has struck a chord with Austrians dissatisfied with a government they consider directionless.



Jörg Haider: his antiforeigner campaign struck a chord



FALLING INTEREST RATES HAVE FAILED TO BOOST SALES ...



Business

THE ECONOMY

Down and Dirty

Washington's easy-credit strategy has been a boon for borrowers, but its inability to start a recovery sends Wall Street into a sudden skid

By JOHN GREENWALD

At first they seemed like a sure cure. But those tempting low interest rates that Washington has engineered to boost the U.S. economy have started cutting both ways. They have been a boon for hundreds of thousands of homeowners who have rushed to refinance their mortgages at rates not seen since 1977. "It was definitely like finding money," says Michael Meyers, 41, a Chicago advertising-agency owner who swapped his 10.75% mortgage recently for one with a rate of just 8.5%.

Yet the same low rates have been the bane of savers—particularly senior citizens—who have watched their income from investments rapidly shrink away. A six-month bank CD that paid 8% interest a year ago now yields just 4.9%. "People are turning off their phones for a month to get by," laments Irene Farr, 73, a retired clerical worker who lives in a senior community

in South Bend, Ind. "They just have no way to live. It's a dignified form of destitution." Moreover, the low rates that have caused such pain have so far failed to pull the economy out of its slump.

The stock market gave the flagging recovery an apparent vote of no-confidence last week when the Dow Jones industrial average plunged 120 points on Friday, to 2,943.20, for its fifth largest drop ever and the steepest decline since it fell 190.58 on Oct. 13, 1989. Analysts said the free fall reflected fears that the U.S. was sliding back into recession after the economy eked out a modest 2.4% gain in the third quarter. "The equity markets are finally realizing what sad shape the U.S. economy is in," says Allen Sinai, chief economist of Boston Company Economic Advisers.

Happy borrowers and disgruntled savers are among the winners and losers of Washington's singular reliance on interest-rate cuts as the main tool of economic policy. With the federal deficit expected to

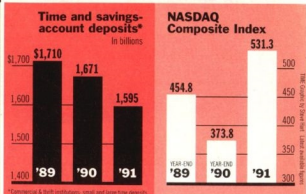
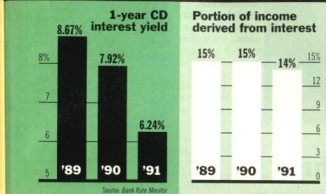
reach \$350 billion in 1992, politicians are reluctant to cut taxes or increase spending in a way that would spill even more red ink. That leaves low rates as Washington's preferred prescription for increasing consumer spending and stimulating business growth.

In keeping with that tactic, the White House and Congress took aim last week at the most stubbornly high rates of all: the interest that banks charge on credit-card balances. While the prime rate has fallen from 10% a year ago to 7.5% today, credit-card rates remain stuck at an average 18.8%. Banks say they need that interest to offset the cost of rising delinquencies. But President Bush last week urged bankers to reduce their rates. Not to be outdone, the Senate voted 74 to 19 to put a cap on credit-card rates under a formula that would lower the current level to 14%. That move may have helped trigger Friday's stock-market plunge by threatening to cut the profits of America's already ailing banks.



... BUT HAVE SENT MANY SAVERS

TO THE STOCK MARKET



In fact, falling interest rates have done little this year to encourage consumer spending. Such barometers as car sales and housing starts have remained dismayingly weak, mostly because Americans have been worrying about their incomes and jobs. "What is happening here is the reverse of what the government really wants," says Walter Williams, president of American Business Economics, a consulting firm. He argues that recent cuts in rates have taken a bite out of many people's earnings, since 75% of U.S. households receive some interest income, and forced them to keep their wallets shut. Says Williams: "The net effect of each Federal Reserve easing has been to reduce the total amount of money that consumers have to spend."

Faced with falling income from their nest eggs, consumers have scrambled to switch their savings from such investments as CDs and money-market accounts to riskier but higher-yielding stocks and mutual funds. "People are getting sticker shock when they go into a bank to renew their CD," says William Lefevre, chief market strategist for the investment firm Tucker Anthony. Americans have reduced their investments in once popular CD accounts by \$80 billion, or 5%, so far this year. Much of that cash has flowed into the stock market, which has been pushed to record heights. Even after last week's tumble, the Dow has risen nearly 12% in 1991.

More cautious savers have put their money in mutual funds, which gained \$193 billion in assets in the first nine months this year, compared with \$87 billion for all of 1990. Among the hottest investments are

bond funds that buy government IOUs maturing in two to five years and yielding more than 7%. At Fidelity Investments, the largest U.S. manager of mutual funds, assets of the Spartan Limited Maturity Government Fund ballooned tenfold, from \$162 million in January to \$1.6 billion this month.

The main thing investors want to avoid is locking too much money into long-term instruments, in case rates go up again soon. A scary scenario along those lines briefly flared up last week when the government reported that its index of wholesale prices surged at an unexpectedly strong annual rate of 8.4% in October. The news depressed bond prices, since inflation drives up interest rates on new issues and causes the market value of existing bonds to fall. But the market rebounded a day later when Washington said the Consumer Price Index, which measures costs at the retail level, rose at an annual rate of just 1.2% in October. Economists placed greater trust in the CPI report, contending that the surge in the wholesale index was merely a fluke.

The fear of losing money in volatile stocks and bonds has prevented some wary investors from seeking better returns. Anna Weston, 73, a retired Motorola parts inspector who lives in Tempe, Ariz., suffered losses on bond investments in the 1980s when interest rates rose. Instead of risking another drubbing, she put her money into a CD but now has withdrawn \$30,000 of her \$50,000 deposit to make ends meet. "I was counting on that interest to supplement my Social Security," she says. Increasingly desperate, Weston took

a part-time job last spring with the local office of the Gray Panthers senior-citizens group so she could have enough money to indulge her passion for showering gifts on her grandchildren. Says she: "I feel cheated, after I worked so many years."

On the positive side, U.S. companies have welcomed cheap rates as a tonic for depressed profits and tight money. American firms are on track to issue some \$320 billion worth of bonds this year, up sharply from \$235 billion in 1990. Owners of small businesses are likewise lining up for low-priced funds. Jeff Tuma, 39, who runs the Embers restaurant in Mount Pleasant, Mich., decided last summer to renovate the eatery and launch a catering service to go with it. "Banks are obviously looking for good loans right now, and they have tons of money out there for the right people," Tuma says.

Some American consumers have felt both edges of the interest-rate sword. Detroit advertising executive Bruce Wagner recently saved about \$150 a month by refinancing his mortgage at a rate just above 9%. But Wagner agonizes over the need to shift his children's college-education money out of CD accounts to get a better yield. "I don't particularly want to," he says, "but I'm going to have to find something else besides what had been a very secure and comfortable way to save." Such dilemmas seem certain to grow more acute so long as interest rates remain the only instrument in Washington's tool kit for fixing the economy.

—Reported by Bernard Baumohl/
New York, Dan Cray/Los Angeles and William McWhirter/Detroit

Business



In more trusting times, godfather John Gotti and right-hand man Salvatore Gravano take a springtime stroll in New York City. Gravano may become the most important stool pigeon ever.

ORGANIZED CRIME

An Offer They Can't Refuse

Weakened by turncoats and convictions, Mob families are considering a strategic solution: the merger

By RICHARD BEHAR

Omerà. The code of silence for a sacred brotherhood. Well, fuhgedaboutit. Every time you turn around lately, a member of the Mafia is turning around: testifying at a trial, wearing a bug, writing a book. Whatever life *omerà* had left in its blood-drained body ebbed away last week with the stunning disclosure that Salvatore (Sammy Bull) Gravano, the most trusted adviser to reputed Gambino boss John Gotti, has become the Federal Government's latest protected flipster. If juries find him believable, Gravano could obliterate the entire hierarchy of the Gambinos, New York City's largest crime family with more than 400 members and thousands of associates. "I think that in all likelihood it's over for Gotti," exclaims Robert Morgenstau, Manhattan's district attorney.

For *La Cosa Nostra* as a whole, Gravano's decision is the latest blow in a decade's worth of prosecutions and internal backstabbing. While some experts foresee the Mob's impending collapse, the situation may be more akin to the wave of turbulence and consolidation facing the legitimate side of U.S. industry. Four of the five New York families that dominate the national network are in such disarray that "there is talk of mergers and acquisitions," says William Doran, who runs the FBI's criminal division in New York. The fireworks may produce unusual new alliances, but Doran declares that the Mafia in America is "not even close to dying."

Even so, Mob leaders will have to con-

tend with an increasingly disloyal work force. Gravano, 46, had been scheduled to go on trial in January, along with Gotti, on 11 counts of murder and racketeering. Instead the brash and big-necked underboss is expected to provide a wealth of secrets about the Gambino family's businesses. Gravano was the Dapper Don's "ambassador" to New York City's \$10 billion-a-year construction industry and was in a position to know about the group's ties to food distribution, the garment trade and waste hauling. "Never in a million years did I dream that Sammy would turn," says ex-hit man Nicholas (the Crow) Caramandi, who is now a protected federal witness. "He and Gotti rose up together. They were very close. This is a shock to me."

Caramandi can take some of the credit for Gravano's turning canary. Caramandi's defection in 1987 helped lead in turn to the flipping of Philadelphia underboss Philip (Crazy Phil) Leonetti, who was scheduled to testify in the January trial against Gotti and Gravano. According to a five-page debriefing obtained by TIME, Leonetti told federal agents in late 1989 about the 1981 Valentine's Day murder of gangster Frank Stillitano, whose body had been found in the trunk of a rental car. Leonetti said members of the Philadelphia crime family had met with Gravano and other Gambino mobsters at Bally's Park Place Casino in Atlantic City, where they reached an agreement that the Philadelphia group would kill Stillitano as a favor to the New York faction. After the rebuttal, Leonetti and his pals visited Gravano at his home on

Staten Island, where Gravano thanked them for a job well done, according to the debriefing. While Gravano hasn't been charged in that case, Leonetti's promised testimony, along with wiretap evidence of other crimes, may have been what sent Sammy Bull running for protection.

The Mafia groups that have been hurt the most by turncoats and prosecutions are the Colombo and Bonanno families, each with about 100 members. These groups have historically been "the weakest, most violent, most reckless and easiest to catch," and they may be looking to merge, says Joseph Coffey, a top investigator with the New York State organized crime task force. The

combination would probably amount to a hostile takeover, since two Colombo factions are said to be on the brink of a major gangland war. When the Colombos aren't bickering, they're active in businesses ranging from loan-sharking to air freight and liquor distribution. Meanwhile in the Bonanno clan, reputed boss Joseph Massina, 48, is serving a 10-year sentence for racketeering. His brother-in-law is reportedly trying to keep alive the gang's main trade, nationwide drug trafficking, despite a supposed Mafia narcotics ban.

The Lucchese family (members: 125) suffered three leadership changes this year alone. One boss was jailed, while another, Alphonse D'Arco, fearing an internal assassination, has been singing to the feds. An underboss is on the lam, and a 450-lb. *caporegime* who survived 12 bullet wounds in a rebuttal attempt last summer has become a government witness. Like the Colombos, the family is now split into two factions. Before Gravano's defection last week, the Gambinos were rumored to be considering a takeover of the floundering Luccheses, whose talents include garbage hauling and stolen-car rings.

The 300-member Genovese family remains the richest, most powerful and least damaged crime group. Experts believe Vincent (Chin) Gigante is still the boss, even though last March a court found him mentally unfit to stand trial. Gigante suffered a blow in October when his talented underboss, Venero (Benny Eggs) Mangano, was convicted of extortion in the window-replacement industry. And federal racket busters have weakened the family's hold on such labor unions as the Teamsters and Longshoremen. But the Genovese gang remains a sturdy symbol of the Mafia's grip on society. As investigator Coffey puts it, "The Mob will never be finished as long as there's a dollar to be made." They'll just be talking about it more.

Money Angles

Andrew Tobias

What George—and You—Should Do Next

It's all falling into place: the demise of communism, the lowering of trade barriers, the wide availability of fat-free desserts—even progress in South Africa, lower interest rates and a glimmer of hope for Middle East peace. Can a drop in homelessness and law-school enrollments be far behind? It's almost as if everything is being tidied up for 2000, the new millennium.

And yet I'm nervous. We're forecasting a \$350 billion deficit (so forget a big tax break) and close to 7% unemployment (so we need one). Consumer confidence is down, bank failures are up, and a record 10% of us are on food stamps. We have too many good real estate agents ("This is the bedroom; this is the bathroom"), not enough good teachers or nurses. Too many kids with guns, too few with fathers.

The Republican solution is threefold:

► Low interest rates, which ease the strain on debt-heavy companies and may—or may not—stimulate borrowing (but also reduce interest income).

► "Points of light," which are easily ridiculed but should not be. Government *can't* solve all problems. Private volunteer efforts really are part of the solution.

► And—seemingly the centerpiece—another bonanza for the rich: an across-the-board cut in the capital-gains tax.

Apart from the equity of it (the rich have already had their top tax bracket cut from 70% in 1980 to an effective 34% today), you have to wonder whether a broad capital-gains tax cut would really serve to jump-start the economy. Wouldn't it loose an awful lot of pent-up selling pressure on the real estate and stock markets? If the tax were cut, my own first thought wouldn't be "Great! What can I buy?" It would be "Great! What should I sell?" And one thing we don't need right now—ask any banker hanging on for dear life—is more real estate for sale.

If instead the cut applied only to new purchases, there would be added incentive to buy but no added incentive to sell, and that *might* help. But why is it so important to give a special tax break to real estate, new or old, at all? Is that what America suffers from, a shortage of office towers? A shortage of malls? (Home appreciation already gets special breaks—you can roll your profit from one house to the next and take up to \$125,000 in gains, tax free, once you turn 55.)

Yes, the capital-gains rate should be cut—to ZERO!—but only on future investments in newly issued stocks and bonds (and "founders' stock"). There would be no special break for real estate or art or gold, or for securities trading—only the initial securities purchaser would get the break when he sold. Such a rifle-shot tax cut would be a huge incentive to invest in new companies, and to fund the expansion and modernization of old ones, but at a tiny fraction of the cost of an across-the-

board cut. It would be a boon for Wall Street, making it that much easier to issue new securities. And it would be a snap to administer, because broker confirmation slips already denote newly issued stocks and bonds. In short, it would be cheap, it would be simple, and it would do exactly what the Administration claims it wants to do: stimulate new investment to improve productivity and create jobs.

(Talk of indexing gains to inflation, meanwhile, is misguided. We need a simpler tax code, not one that requires a computer to calculate your inflation-adjusted gains and losses. As for the complication of a "long-term holding period," it wouldn't be necessary under this rifle-shot plan. Initial investors would have an incentive to let their gains mount tax free. As for traders and speculators, why impose artificial barriers to the movement of capital? There's nothing wrong with a profit honestly come by.)

The combination of low interest rates and a zero capital-gains rate is exciting. But if more is needed—and it probably is—it shouldn't take the form of a quick popular tax break for the middle class, so everybody can buy one extra Nintendo. As Harvard's Robert Reich and others have argued, it should take the form of a big national investment in infrastructure.

Much as America needs more video games, we need repaired bridges and roads more. (Not to mention a huge investment in our children.) Adding to the budget deficit to give everybody a little extra spending money is something we're not wealthy enough right now to do. But investing in our long-term productivity is fiscally prudent and would probably do at least as much to put people back to work, especially in the moribund construction industry.

As for your own financial strategy, it seems to me there are three national scenarios you should plan for: financial collapse, which is probably only a

real possibility if we convince ourselves it isn't; runaway inflation, which results if instead of earning or borrowing the money America needs, we simply print it; or—most appealing—gradually working our way out of the mess through hard work, restrained spending and wise investment in the future.

While the government is deciding which of these three paths to pursue, you should, as always: spend less than you earn; borrow only for productive things (like education or tools) or things that may at least hold their value (like homes); have a good chunk of money somewhere safe (there's nothing dumb about having a lot of cash earning a low rate of interest for a while); buy low and sell high. The stock market around 3,000 ain't low. Some of the real estate being dumped on the market, if you're rich enough to consider such things, ain't high. ■



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL ROSEN



THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK about the environment lately. But out on Chesapeake Bay, sailing around on a vintage skipjack, a group of school kids are learning that when it comes to the environment, actions speak louder than words.

Myrtha Allen, Environmental Sciences teacher at P.S. 405, Baltimore, explains, "Most of my kids are city born and bred. They live in apartments, they get their milk in cartons, their eggs in those styrofoam containers. They were about as interested in the environment as they are in

"IT WAS THE FIRST FISH
Jawan had seen that
WASN'T SURROUNDED
by french fries."

MYRTHA ALLEN, Teacher

homework." She smiles at a nearby eight-year-old. "And who can blame them? Some of them, like Jawan here, had never even seen a live fish before."

That's where the Chesapeake Bay Foundation stepped in. Since 1966, when it started in Annapolis, Maryland, with a rented fishing trawler and little else, the Foundation has taken more than 300,000 students out into the Bay to experience the environment first hand. And at the same time making them aware of how important their contribution is to the future of the planet.

Myrtha puts it simply. "To get these kids wanting to clean up the world, we've got to get their hands dirty."

And they do. They get very dirty.

"Oh yeah," chuckles Myrtha, "we do it all. Once we threw a net in just to see what we'd get. When we pulled it up, sure enough there were the milk cartons, the soda cans, the egg containers. And flapping around in the middle of it all was this big, cranky striped bass. You should've seen their faces."

"We took 20 little consumers out on a boat that day. We came back with 20 budding environmentalists."

At Toyota, we're proud that through the

support we give to the Foundation more kids like Jawan will be able to experience our fragile environment first hand. And hopefully start playing an active part in preserving it.

Is the program working? "These kids are organizing neighborhood recycling drives,



they're writing letters to Senators. Take a look at these posters some of my students have been doing."

The classroom walls are alive with crayon and pencil. Bright orange crabs. Smiling oysters. Families of ducks.

And one poster that stops everyone. It's of a smiling little boy holding hands with a big striped bass. And boldly scrawled above both their heads is one word: "Brothers".

And it's signed by Jawan. Age eight.

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

BUSINESS NOTES

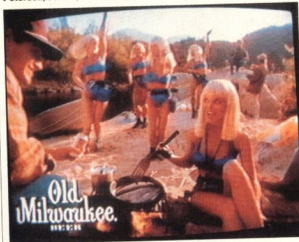
ADVERTISING

Battling the Bimbo Factor

"It just doesn't get any better than this," boasts Old Milwaukee beer's TV campaign, which features a gyrating "Swedish Bikini Team" descending upon male campers. But Stroh Brewery, the beer's maker, is discovering that things just might get worse. Five women employees have sued the company, charging that the ads foster a work environment that encourages sexual harassment. "These ads tell Stroh's male employees that women are stupid, panting playthings," says attorney Lori Peterson. Her clients have been confronted with pornography, taunted with lewd remarks and slapped on the rear, she contends. The company describes the allegation as "a preposterous link" and says Stroh has a strong policy against sexual harassment. Meanwhile, *Playboy* plans to feature the Bikini Team next month.



Peterson, center, with four of the workers protesting the Bikini Team



ENTERTAINMENT

Snow Job From Up North

Just as Indiana Jones fades into movie-hero history, along comes a new celluloid icon: Canada Campeau! The country's National Film Board is finishing up a \$1.8 million TV movie called simply *Campeau*, which traces the career of the Ontario-bred real estate king, Robert. Never mind that Campeau's quixotic takeover of the U.S. department-store chains Allied and Federated led to bankruptcy for both, or that even his own holding company ousted him from its chairmanship. The movie's makers acknowledge that theirs is a "generous" view of Campeau of Campeau as an enterprising hometown hero who made fortunes for others before falling victim to a nefarious "Wall Street milieu."



Campeau



AIRLINES

Midway's Hard Landing

The dwindling ranks of the U.S. airline industry lost another contender last week: Chicago-based Midway Airlines, the 12th largest U.S. carrier. Midway suddenly ceased

operations after much larger Northwest Airlines pulled out of a \$153 million merger deal that would have rescued the bankrupt Chicago airline, which was started in 1979. Northwest said it backed out because it had been given incorrect revenue data. But Midway is weighing a lawsuit. The collapse put Midway's 4,300 employees into unemployment lines and left passengers stranded in many of the 41 cities Midway had served.

UNEMPLOYMENT

A Bit More Cushion

After two failed swings at trying to extend jobless benefits for nearly 3 million U.S. workers, Congress and President Bush finally agreed last week on a \$5.3 billion compromise package that could give some of the unemployed new checks by Thanksgiving. The agreement would allow workers to collect up to 20 weeks of extra checks after they have used their initial 26 weeks of benefits. The duration of the additional benefits will depend mostly on individual states' jobless rates, with recipients in the more severely affected regions getting payments longer. The measure will be financed largely by speeding up collection of estimated taxes from some wealthy taxpayers. That self-

financing feature persuaded Bush to support the bill; he had vetoed two previous attempts because they did not maintain "budget discipline."

After the Senate passed the measure, it immediately approved a supplemental plan, estimated to cost an additional \$400 million, to make benefits even better for workers in some states. The second bill, which Senate leaders believe will be enacted this week, is designed to satisfy Senators who feel their states were shortchanged in the other formula.

BANKING

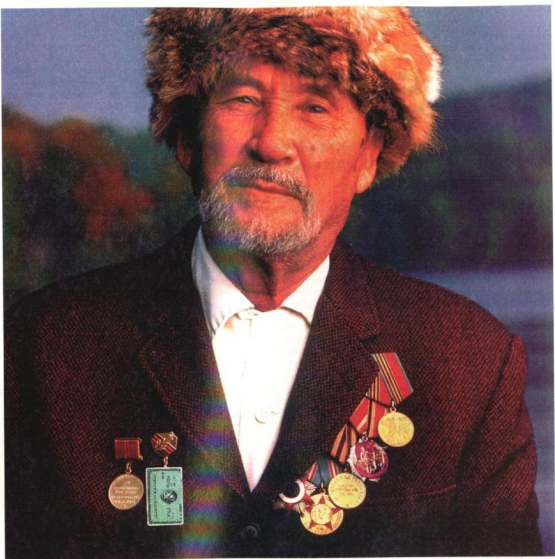
Hunt for the B.C.C.I. Bunch

Ever since the scandal at the Bank of Credit & Commerce International broke last spring, the Justice Department has been taking heat for its less than dynamic prosecution. But last week the department indicted B.C.C.I. and three bank officials, charging them with illegally taking over Independence Bank of Encino, Calif., and with

fraud that contributed to the billion-dollar downfall of Florida's CenTrust thrift. Indicted with the bank were founder Agha Hasan Abedi, former bank president Swaleh Naqvi and B.C.C.I. front man Ghai Pharaon. Since the U.S. stands little chance of extraditing Abedi from Pakistan and Naqvi faces charges in Abu Dhabi, Pharaon's indictment may be the most productive of the three. The Saudi national is believed to be holed up in Europe or Latin America.



Lining up for benefits in Massachusetts



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How Safe Is Sex?

When Magic Johnson announced that he had the AIDS virus, he put the risk of heterosexual transmission squarely in center court

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT



As long as the epidemic didn't touch anyone close to them, many Americans found it easy to put AIDS out of mind. For all the suffering and pain and lives cut short, it just seemed like someone else's problem. AIDS was something that happened to ghetto dwellers, drug addicts or gays, not to middle- and upper-class folks who limited themselves to straight sex.

Now it's harder to ignore AIDS. When Magic Johnson stepped forward to announce that he had tested HIV positive, his plight suddenly seemed like everybody's nightmare. Johnson's claim that he picked up the AIDS virus heterosexually, rather than through intravenous-drug use or homosexual contact, dramatically raised some of the most crucial health questions of the 1990s: How easy is it to get AIDS from straight sex? How fast can it spread? Could an AIDS epidemic like the ones sweeping through Third World nations take root in the general U.S. population as well?

According to the latest figures from the Centers for Disease Control, the risk to most American heterosexuals is still small, but it is real and growing. About 11,000 reported AIDS cases—or less than 6% of the 200,000 Americans afflicted over the past decade—have arisen from heterosexual contact. But while the number of heterosexual cases is relatively tiny, it jumped 40% last year, faster than any other category. As many as 1 million Americans may be infected with the virus that causes AIDS but not yet suffering from the disease. And no one knows how many of those people were exposed heterosexually.

The epidemic has hit the U.S. in three waves. The first occurred among homosexual men and is now leveling off. The second swept through pockets of IV-drug users, especially in certain East Coast cities, and has yet to reach its peak. The third wave is just taking off among heterosexual men and women who have had sexual con-

tact with one or more of the high-risk groups. The question now is how far—and how fast—it will travel into the rest of the population.

One cause for concern is that heterosexual transmission is the rule, not the exception, in most countries affected by the disease. Figures released by the World Health Organization last week show that 75% of the people who have the AIDS virus worldwide were infected heterosexually. In Africa, where one-tenth of the world's population accounts for half the estimated 10 million AIDS infections around the globe, heterosexual transmission is responsible for more than 8 out of 10 cases. In Southern

and Southeast Asia, where the epidemic is growing more rapidly than anywhere else, heterosexual contact is also the dominant mode of transmission. Among the prostitutes in Bombay's red-light district, 25% to 30% are HIV positive. In the poorer sections of Nairobi, Kenya, infection rates among prostitutes run higher than 90%.

Most experts attribute the prevalence of heterosexual AIDS transmission in Africa to widespread venereal diseases such as syphilis and chancroid. These diseases cause sores and infections that make it easier for the virus to pass from one person to another—a problem exacerbated by a medical system that is shockingly inadequate. Gon-

THE FACES OF AIDS

Most of the time the insidious epidemic stays in the shadows, a fear that lacks a human face. But every so often an individual emerges whose poignant story demands a spotlight. Each of them has come to symbolize in their own dramatic fashion one of the many ways in which this modern plague can strike.



BRAD DAVIS

Infected through drug use, the actor best known for the movie *Midnight Express* kept his disease a secret for fear of losing work



MAGIC JOHNSON

With his big grin and easy manner, the newest spokesman for the struggle against AIDS will be preaching the importance of safe heterosexual sex



RYAN WHITE

A hemophiliac, he got the virus through a tainted blood transfusion at age 13 and bravely lived five more years

orrhea rates in Africa are as much as 20 times those of the industrialized West, and yet there are one-sixtieth as many doctors per capita as there are in the U.S. A case that would be treated promptly in a young American is likely to become chronic in his African counterpart. "After a couple of weeks, the person gets used to it and resumes having sex," says Dr. Myron Essex, chairman of the Harvard AIDS Institute. In crowded African urban centers, the virus has become ubiquitous, threatening to kill off almost an entire generation of young adults.

Few experts believe anything like that is going to happen in the U.S. Most Americans do not have the venereal diseases that make it so much easier for the virus to be transmitted through heterosexual intercourse. The general level of hygiene, the relative isolation of the pockets of infection from the rest of the population and the widespread availability of treatment for sexually transmitted diseases, even among the poor, make it unlikely that an African-style epidemic could sweep across America.

But the U.S. does have trouble spots: the largely African-American and Hispanic ghettos in the East. Widespread needle sharing among drug addicts allowed the

AIDS virus to get a solid foothold in major U.S. cities in the 1980s, and now practices such as trading sex for drugs threaten to broaden the problem. AIDS is already epidemic in the poorest neighborhoods of New York City, Newark, Baltimore, Washington and Miami, places where social problems and the lack of good medical care mimic Third World conditions. "The fact that we see sexually transmitted diseases rising in our inner cities is an ominous sign," says Helene Gayle, an international AIDS expert at the Centers for Disease Control.

There are already indications that AIDS fostered in the inner cities may be beginning to creep into outlying areas. In parts of Georgia and Texas, mini-epidemics are appearing. "The fastest growth is in rural areas and small cities," says Sten Vermund, chief of AIDS epidemiology at the National Institutes of Health. Investigators suspect that drug users who contracted AIDS in the city have started to move back to their hometowns, either to be cared for by family members or to try to straighten out their lives. Once there, they may start a chain reaction of local AIDS infections.

But while health officials caution against complacency, they emphasize that there is no need for most people to panic. The fact is that unless a person has a chronic venereal disease—or engages in a high-risk activity such as needle swapping or anal sex—the AIDS virus is not that easy to get. Medical literature is filled with cases in which husbands and wives had sex hundreds of times over several years without passing the virus from one to the other.

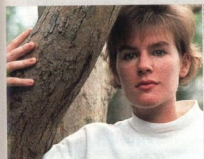
It is especially difficult for the virus to move from an infected woman to an uninfected man, as a study published last September in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* makes clear. A team of scientists, led by Nancy Padian of the University of California at San Francisco, studied AIDS-virus transmission among 379 heterosexual couples. While the scientists found 61 cases in which an HIV-infected man gave the virus to a woman, they saw only one case of an infected woman's giving it to a man. And in that case, the couple engaged in some particularly unsafe practices, including unprotected anal sex and swapping sex partners with members of a "swinging" club.

The initial skepticism that greeted Magic Johnson's explanation of how he had contracted the AIDS virus stemmed from such studies—and from his reluctance to speak directly to the rumors of bisexual activities in the past. Johnson finally addressed those rumors last week. "I have never had a homosexual encounter," he wrote in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. "Never."

Such denials are sometimes questioned by medical professionals. Doctors and nurses who minister to AIDS patients say that a heterosexual man who has contracted HIV will often tell his wife and children he got it from a prostitute. But close to death, these same men will sometimes confide that they did have a homosexual experience. Or that they flirted, many years ago, with intravenous drugs. At Sherman Oaks Hospital in California, which has been caring for AIDS patients since 1980, the nurses are no longer surprised. "When a guy says he got it from a woman, we just nod," says a nurse. "It's probably not true, but that's the way most of them want to handle it. And that's fine."

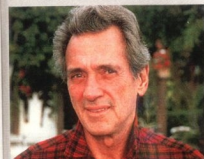
In the end, it doesn't matter whether Magic Johnson got the AIDS virus through heterosexual or homosexual sex. The fact remains that people can get infected through heterosexual contact and that a few simple precautions can sharply reduce—or eliminate—those risks. If Johnson can get that message across to those who need it most—sexually active teens and young adults—then his outspokenness will have done an immeasurable public service.

There were signs last week that Johnson has already started to make a difference. In schools across the country, teachers hasti-



KIMBERLY BERGALIS

One of five people infected after visiting a Florida dentist, she testified persuasively before Congress in favor of a bill requiring AIDS testing for health-care professionals



ROCK HUDSON

A Hollywood legend and a secret homosexual, he was the first public figure to reveal he had AIDS

NEW AIDS CASES

Number reported among U.S. adults annually and the breakdown by percent

- Heterosexuals
- Male homosexuals
- IV drug users
- Male-homosexual IV drug users
- Others

*Oct. 1990 through Sept. 1991



Society

ly organized classes and assemblies to answer the flood of student questions. At Inglewood High School near Los Angeles, where the Lakers frequently practice and Magic's name is magical, Jesse Jackson spoke to the students about AIDS, and the school passed out free condoms. "I hope everyone got one," says Rashieda Lane, 16. "I don't want my friends to catch it."

Americans are likely to hear a lot more about condoms in the coming months. Fox Broadcasting, the fourth largest TV network, reversed a long-standing policy and became the first national broadcaster willing to accept paid condom advertising—provided the ads stress the health benefits and not birth control. CBS is also reviewing its condom-ad policies.

Government policymakers could be coming around as well. In New York City, where a program that provided drug addicts with clean needles had been canceled, Mayor David Dinkins announced that he had changed his mind and endorsed a new needle-exchange scheme. Even President Bush, who has done little of substance to support prevention campaigns, made the symbolic gesture of inviting Magic Johnson to fill a vacancy on his National Commission on AIDS. Johnson quickly accepted.

Efforts are also being accelerated on the research front. The World Health Organization, which had held up field trials of several experimental AIDS vaccines pending tests on animals, announced last week that it would skip the time-consuming lab trials and test the vaccines on humans in

Brazil, Rwanda, Thailand and Uganda, perhaps within two years. In the U.S. the Centers for Disease Control is considering doing the same thing in the country's AIDS hot spots.

Until there is a vaccine or a cure, responsibility for AIDS in America will have to remain where it is now: with the people in danger of getting and spreading it. For the individual considering a casual sexual encounter, wearing a condom—or abstaining altogether—can mean the difference between acquiring a deadly virus and avoiding one. For the country as a whole, it can spell the difference between a contained health problem and one that is out of control.

—Reported by Elaine Lafferty/
Los Angeles, Andrew Purvis/New York and Dick
Thompson/Washington

... But You Were Afraid to Ask



People across the U.S. rushed to call medical hot lines last week to find out the latest scientific information about the ways the AIDS virus can be transmitted. The number of inquiries was so great that the lines were often tied up for hours. Here are answers to some delicate questions about what can be risky and how people can protect themselves:

Q. Is kissing someone with AIDS dangerous?

A. A very small quantity of the AIDS virus can get into saliva. But it is rapidly destroyed by the fluid's digestive enzymes. There has never been a documented case of HIV infection through saliva. So open-mouth kissing is considered a low-risk activity, but it is not absolutely safe.

Q. What kind of sex is most dangerous?

A. Being on the receiving end of anal intercourse carries the greatest risk, for heterosexuals as well as gays. Blood vessels in tissues lining the anus and rectum are easy to rupture, and that gives HIV a direct passageway to the bloodstream. The majority of sexually transmitted cases (as opposed to those from shared needles or transfusions) probably result from anal intercourse. Vaginal intercourse is less risky; oral sex has the least risk.

Q. Is the man or woman at greater risk in vaginal sex?

A. Women have higher odds of being infected by an HIV-positive man than the reverse. Infected semen can remain in the vagina and uterus for days. And the tissues of the vagina, though tougher than those in the anus, can also be torn during intercourse. A man, however, is exposed to vaginal secretions only during the sexual act itself. Unless he has genital ulcers or a cut on the penis, the chances of being infected are small.

Q. What is the best protection during intercourse?

A. Men should wear a lubricated latex condom. Most brands contain the spermicide nonoxonyl-9, which also kills the AIDS

virus. Lambskin condoms will not do the job since the virus can pass through the porous natural membrane.

Q. Does having sex during menstruation increase the risk of infection?

A. Studies suggest that the virus may pass more readily from woman to man during that time. A condom provides protection, but it is probably safer to abstain from vaginal intercourse during a period.

Q. How dangerous is oral sex?

A. Not as hazardous as intercourse, but nothing to be casual about. The partner performing oral sex is more at risk because he or she comes into contact with vaginal or seminal fluids. The virus can pass from those fluids into cuts in the mouth. Those receiving oral sex are exposed only to saliva.

Q. What precautions can be taken in oral sex?

A. Males receiving it should wear a latex condom. When the woman is the receiving partner, a dental dam should be used. That is a square piece of latex placed over the vaginal area. Many pharmacies now carry dams, a nonprescription item, on racks next to condoms.

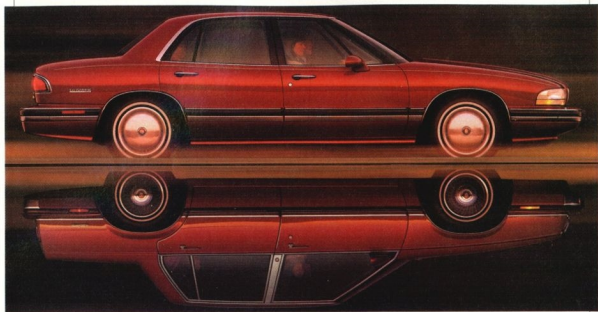
Q. At what point in a relationship is it reasonable to stop taking precautions against HIV infection?

A. Protection should be used for the first six months after starting a relationship with a new partner. Then each partner should be tested for HIV. If both test negative and the couple have a monogamous relationship and don't indulge in risky behavior, such as using needles, then it's safe to discontinue using condoms as a protection against AIDS.

Q. Is it risky to play sports or share athletic facilities with people who are infected?

A. The AIDS virus is not found in sweat. So health-club members need not worry about who last rode the exercise bike. But in contact sports where bloody injuries can occur—such as boxing, football and basketball—it's possible for the virus to pass from one athlete to another. The risk appears to be extremely small: the Olympics' chief medical officer said last week that Magic Johnson would be welcome to play in the 1992 Games.

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 **UNITED AIRLINES**

The Dangerous World of Wannabes

Magic Johnson's plight brings fear into pro locker rooms across the country and spotlights the riskiest athletic perk: promiscuous sex

By JOHN ELSON



Baseball players call them "Annies." To riders on the rodeo circuit, they are "buckle bunnies." To most other athletes, they are just "the wannabes" or "the girls." You'll find them hanging out anywhere they might catch an off-duty sports hero's eye and fancy: at Los Angeles' private Forum Club, at jock-oriented watering holes like Mickey Mantle's in Manhattan or Bigsby's in Chicago, in the lobbies of hotels where teams on the road check in. To the athletes who care to indulge them, and many do, these readily available groupies offer pro sport's ultimate perk: free and easy recreational sex, no questions asked.

The sex may be free, but there is a price for the life-style. In the Nov. 18 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Earvin ("Magic") Johnson attests that he contracted the virus that causes AIDS, and which forced his premature retirement from the Los Angeles Lakers, "by having unprotected sex with a woman who has the virus." And who was that woman? Magic does not know. "Before I was married," he wrote, "I truly lived the bachelor's life. . . . As I traveled around N.B.A. cities, I was never at a loss for female companionship. . . . After I arrived in L.A. in 1979, I did my best to accommodate as many women as I could—most of them through unprotected sex."

Like most other Americans, pro athletes were generally shocked and saddened by Johnson's plight. His fellow players of the National Basketball Association, however, had special reason for concern about Johnson's flagrant promiscuity. It has been common practice for some pro players to share the favors of groupies who beguiled them. Had the woman who infected Johnson passed the virus to other players? Magic's pregnant wife Cookie tested negative for HIV, but had he given the virus to other women who were still out there sleeping with the stars? Says Charles Barkley, star forward of the Philadelphia 76ers: "There are an awful lot of men, women and children sweating it out in this league. If you don't practice safe sex after being scared like this, you're out of your mind." The possibilities were frightening enough to get some athletes thinking about the unthinkable: abstinence and marital fidelity.

The presence of sexually available women on the sidelines of sport is nothing

new. After all, Babe Ruth's appetite for women was as insatiable as his lust for food and booze. In his newly published memoir, *A View from Above*, Hall of Fame center Wilt Chamberlain boasts of having slept with 20,000 women—an average of 1.4 a day for 40 years.

Many experts believe the groupie subculture flourished as professional sports became ever bigger as a business. Athletes now expect pampering off the court or field as long as they perform well on it. The notion that athletic prowess and sexual attraction go together reaches down to every budding jock who swaggered across a junior high schoolyard. Colleges routinely line up young campus beauties to orient athletically talented freshmen who have signed letters of intent. And the sexual mystique of the college sports hero lives on. Says Bill Little, sports information director at the University of Texas at Austin: "When I went to school here, girls always

swooned around the football players. Now they do something about it."

When these stars hit the big leagues, with salaries to match their talents and egos, opportunities and temptations multiply. Says Harry Edwards, a sociology professor at the University of California, Berkeley, and a personnel adviser to two pro teams: "We are looking at an institution so influenced by images of virility, masculinity, potency and sensuousness that sex and sport have almost become synonymous."

Who are the groupies, and what do they want? Observers of the scene say they are usually of college age or slightly older. Mainly they seek money, attention and the glamour of associating with celebrated and highly visible "hard bodies." According to a 31-year-old who has had affairs with athletes in two sports, "for women, many of whom don't have meaningful work, the only way to identify themselves is to say whom

“They can see how much money we make, where we’re playing, and they know we have a lot of freedom and a pretty good life-style.”



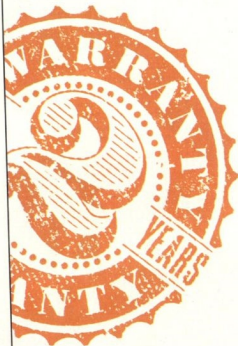
—Jim Petersen
Golden State Warriors center/forward

“Women would be competing in any way to get to us, and it is very easy to take advantage of that situation. Some said they wanted an autograph, and then they’d ask you to sign their breasts.”



—Miles McPherson
Former San Diego Chargers defensive back

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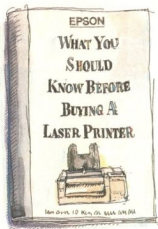
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they have slept with. A woman who sleeps around is called a whore. But a woman who sleeps with Magic Johnson is a woman who has slept with Magic Johnson. It's almost as if it gives her legitimacy."

Wannabes are usually too smart to approach athletes on the playing fields. But they know all the after-game hangouts and usually can find out where visiting teams are staying. "We never reveal where we stay when we go on the road," says Arthur Triche, an executive with the N.B.A.'s Atlanta Hawks. "But some of them are willing to call every hotel in town. When night falls, they move in. You see some of the same faces from town to town. They're like card collectors." And they are seldom shy about intentions. Recalls Miles McPherson, a former pro-football defensive back turned preacher: "When we went to clubs, women would be competing in any way to get to us, and it is very easy to take advantage of that situation. Some said they wanted an autograph, and then they'd ask you to sign their breasts."

Says Susie Erickson, fiancé of Atlanta Braves pitcher Mike Lieck: "I'll be holding Mike's hand, and they'll come up and whisper, 'What are you doing with her when you can be with me?' Ask any wife or girlfriend to pick out a groupie, and they'll all point to the same one."

Groupie action, says a New York City-based sportscaster, is heaviest in baseball, with basketball second. "Baseball players have a long season, they're on the road for weeks, and they stay in one place longer," this announcer explains. "Basketball players have it easy because they're so recognizable." Although a few tennis stars like Andre Agassi are invariably trailed by a mob of squealing fans, that sport is not conducive to groupie action: the best players stay inaccessible and have entourages to fend off unwanted wannabes.

Women athletes, less well known and less well compensated, are not usually subject to the same degree of temptation as are men—though much of that may have to do with a lingering double standard. "A guy can go out to a bar, have a beer, talk to the bartender,"

Babe Ruth's appetite for women was as insatiable as his lust for food or booze



Hall of Famer Wilt Chamberlain boasts of having slept with 20,000 women—an average of 1.4 a day for 40 years

says tennis star Gabriela Sabatini's coach, Carlos Kirmayr. "But if you are a woman alone in a strange town, you are usually stuck in a hotel by yourself."

The problem for male stars, of course, does not simply have to do with the wiles of conniving women. Philosophy professor Dallas Willard of the University of

Southern California notes that a lot of team athletes are ill-equipped to handle pro sports' off-field pressures. "Many star athletes today," he says, "are from poor backgrounds—poor not only in a financial sense but in terms of education, emotional and social preparation for life. They do not have the wherewithal to deal with the availability of sex, the offers to satisfy almost any gratification." Berkeley's Edwards claims to know of at least seven cases in which athletes have paid off groupies who threatened to go public with phony rape or paternity charges. And as both league officials and team executives increasingly admit, at some of the places where groupies trawl, drugs and alcohol are often present in quantity, further impediments to sensible judgment.

Just as Magic Johnson is now promoting protection in sex, franchises are doing more to protect their assets—the players—from temptation. The N.B.A. has a mandatory rookie orientation program that includes a seminar on AIDS and a dramatized enactment of problems a player may face regarding women and

friends. More and more N.B.A. teams are flying charter and unloading their athletes onto buses parked right on the tarmac. Some teams visiting Phoenix prefer hotels near the Coliseum to the Westcott hotel, 10 miles away. The Utah Jazz books rooms at a hotel in New Jersey even when they are playing at Madison Square Garden. "New

York has too much," says the team's president, Frank Layden.

Some stars admit that there is only so much teams can or should do. "Players have to take more responsibility for themselves," says Knicks guard Gerald Wilkins. "That's just the bottom line. No woman can ever be caught with a guy if the guy doesn't want her to be there. It's just that simple." Kevin Johnson of the Phoenix Suns concurs. "Nobody's forcing anybody to do anything," he says. "We have to be in charge of our own bodies." The penalties for failing in that responsibility have never been higher. —Reported by Sally B. Donnelly/Phoenix and David E. Thiesen/New York, with other bureaus



"Players have to take more responsibility for themselves."

—Gerald Wilkins
New York Knicks guard

"Nobody's forcing anybody to do anything. We have to be in charge of our own bodies."

—Kevin Johnson
Phoenix Suns guard



Reprieve for Breast Implants

Their safety is unproved, but it's tough to ban something already used by 2 million U.S. women

Should a product sold for nearly 30 years to millions of satisfied customers be abruptly taken off the market? That was the question before an advisory panel of the Food and Drug Administration last week as it held hearings on the emotionally charged issue of the safety of silicone breast implants.

The testimony was impassioned on both sides. Implant manufacturers brought out reams of safety-test data, claiming their products were essentially harmless. Some users spoke of gaining self-esteem by reshaping their bodies, and of a psychological boost in battles against breast cancer. But others told stories of pain from internal scar tissue, diseases they attributed to the implants, and deformities suffered when the prostheses ruptured or shifted. In the end, though, the panel voted unanimously to recommend that implants stay on the market, and FDA Commissioner David Kessler is expected to concur.

That is not the same as giving implants a clean bill of health. The panel also concluded that safety testing conducted by the

four largest manufacturers of implants was inadequate, and called for continued tests. Said panel member Mary Davis, associate professor of pharmacology and toxicology at West Virginia University: "This should send the manufacturers a message that it is no longer business as usual."

In the three decades that breast implants have been on the market, the FDA has never before considered their safety. It did not have the authority to do so until

1976, and the agency took until 1988 to put the implants on its list of medical devices requiring the strictest scrutiny. The companies had until last July to document the implants' safety, but could not satisfy the FDA's experts.

However, 2 million women are using the devices, mostly for cosmetic purposes but also for breast reconstruction after surgery. Implants can deteriorate or spring leaks, and a manufacturing ban could leave these women no way to get a replacement. That was undoubtedly a major factor behind the panel's vote. The companies will still have to prove their products' safety, but without clear proof that the implants are unsafe, they will stay available to women who want them. —By Michael D. Lemonick



WEIGHING THE RISKS

Most implants are essentially bags made of thick plastic, filled with gelatinous silicone. Manufacturers claim that side effects are rare, but critics cite many possible hazards:

- Scarring and hardening of breast tissue
- Leakage
- Reduced effectiveness of mammograms
- Autoimmune reactions
- Infections
- Cancer

Short Road to Heart Attacks

Small people are at risk, especially if they are hostile, potbellied, chain-smoking couch potatoes

Good luck to anyone who tries to keep up with the research on heart disease. Rarely does a month go by without new revelations of environmental, physical and even psychological factors that are supposedly linked to an increased risk of heart attack. Among the suspected culprits: feeling hostile or stressed; drinking too much coffee; living with a smoker; being exposed to car exhaust; having high levels of the kidney protein renin; being bald; and having a body shape that puts excess weight around the belly rather than the hips and thighs.

Now researchers have added another item to the list: being short. Men who are 5 ft. 7 in. and under appear to be up to 70% more likely to have a heart attack than those who stand 6 ft. 1 in. and above, according to a report by Boston scientists at a meeting of the American Heart Association last week. The taller the man, the less

the risk, they found. For every inch above 5 ft. 7 in., chances dropped by about 3%. The findings are drawn from an ongoing study at Brigham and Women's Hospital on the health of 20,000 male physicians. The results are similar to those from a previous study that found a higher risk of heart attacks in shorter women than in taller ones. Researchers speculate that smaller people have smaller coronary vessels that are more vulnerable to blockage.

How upset should anyone be by the entire jumble of findings concerning heart attacks? Not very. Yes, innumerable factors can influence cardiovascular disease, and many of them are hereditary and, taken by themselves, are beyond a person's control. But the bewildering

research has not undermined the essential facts: by far the most important risk factors remain smoking, high cholesterol and high blood pressure. These can be offset by changes in diet and behavior.

Americans are still best advised to stop smoking, cut their consumption of foods high in cholesterol and fats, especially the saturated kind, and start exercising. "I wouldn't want to see an overweight, short, bald smoker with high cholesterol saying,

"Well, I'm short and bald. I guess I'll just have to accept that I'm at risk," says Dr. Charles Hennekens of Harvard Medical School, co-author of last week's report regarding the impact of height. "And a man who is 6 ft. 1 in. and smokes has a far greater risk of heart attack than someone who is short." All people, regardless of their height or other factors, should be making the recommended life-style changes. When it comes to heart attacks, that's the long and short of it. —By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Hannah Bloch/ New York

Men 5 ft. 7 in. and under appear to be up to 70% more prone to heart attacks than those who stand 6 ft. 1 in. and above.



Father of The Child Within

JOHN BRADSHAW, the leading guru on the self-help circuit, claims that we must all come to grips with our unhappy childhoods

By EMILY MITCHELL

Two mythic figures forever identified with the American landscape are the itinerant evangelist and the salesman on the road. Right now, John Bradshaw, 58, is both. It is a Sunday afternoon, and for the second day he stands before an enthralled crowd at Manhattan's main convention center. All of us, he tells them, had traumatic childhoods and from them spring the unresolved anxieties of adulthood. He plays the theme in masterly fashion: the faithful are spellbound.

Bradshaw is the biggest draw and most revered name on America's insatiable pop-psychology circuit. For millions of people who are recovering from every imaginable—and sometimes unimaginable—addiction, he is the guru of the moment, the supersalesman of self-help. His name is invoked in meetings of 12-step groups that range from Molesters Anonymous to Overachievers Anonymous. His three books—including the 1990 *Homecoming*—have sold 2.5 million copies since 1988, and audiotape versions consistently top best-selling advice-cassette lists. A new book, tentatively titled *Creating Love*, is due in the fall of 1992. This year he has scheduled more than 30 weekend workshops; some have drawn as many as 7,000 people paying up to \$180 apiece. *Homecoming*, a 10-hour 1990-91 PBS series drawn from material in his book, brought in \$4 million during pledge drives.

In a resonant Texas twang, Bradshaw draws out the conditions that cause anguish in thousands of people. "Isolation. Aloneness. Abandonment. Skin hunger." Each, he says, is a feeling of deprivation derived from our childhood that was never resolved and sets us up to become addicts—just as he was. And though we are grownups, we are still walking around with that wounded little kid hiding inside, wailing its needs. But wait, he adds, there's hope. By focusing personal consciousness on the frightened inner child—as infant, toddler and adolescent—we can all begin the process of recovery. "The goal of this work is to get you to come to peace with the past and finish it," he tells the crowd in Manhattan's Jacob K. Javits Convention Center. Dr. Freud meets the New Age.

Bradshaw's message is plucked from the depths of his own troubled and lonely childhood, which was spent being shuttled between relatives in Houston. During his lectures, he spins out

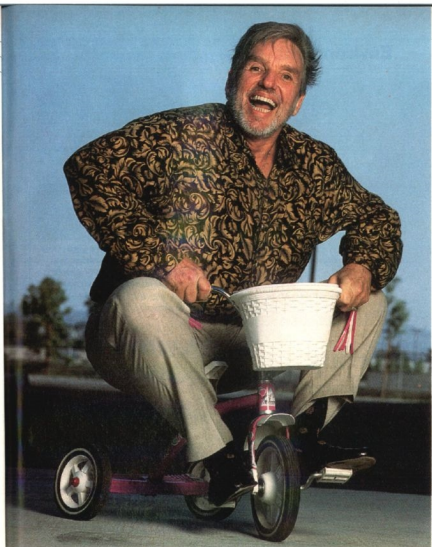
his story—always with a smile—recounting Southern-gothic tales of abuse, alcoholism and incest as examples of dysfunctional family behavior. There is Bradshaw's mother Norma, now 77, "a really good woman," he says, who became pregnant at 17 and married an alcoholic who abandoned her and their three children when Bradshaw, the middle child, was 10. She revered her own workaholic father as a saint, though Bradshaw is convinced that his grandfather violated his mother. Then there is his maternal grandmother, who Bradshaw believes was "seriously incested" and who stayed in bed for 50 years. Her contempt for men was overpowering to young John. "Men think with their penises," he heard her say when he was six—contempt that he now says was a form of sexual abuse.

Act nice, Bradshaw was always told; act nice. He excelled in school; Mama's prized boy eventually entered a Basilian seminary in Canada and studied for degrees in theology and philosophy from the University of Toronto. For nine celibate years there, he says, "I married the Holy Mother." He left the order a day before his class was to be ordained. By that time, he was a compulsive drinker. Back in Houston, at age 30 and ill-prepared for life—he had \$400 and did not even know how to drive a car—he taught high school until he was fired. He began going to Alcoholics Anonymous and working as a pharmaceutical salesman. Soon he was swapping drug samples with guys from other drug companies and was "pilled to the gills, but going to A.A. meetings." That job and others ended; the drinking came back and got worse. Two weeks before Christmas 1965, he landed in the Austin state hospital with the DTs. By Christmas Day he was back in A.A. "with both feet, and it saved my life."

It also launched his career. His talks at A.A. meetings led to speaking engagements elsewhere; soon people were coming to him for advice and counseling. He got two more degrees—in psychology and religion—at Rice University, and he set up shop as a counselor on stress management and leadership training, working with individuals and corporations. Looking back now, he thinks he was ineffective because "I was too nice. To be good at it, you've got to be willing to confront the living hell out of people." He began lecturing in Houston churches and synagogues, became a local celebrity and, after he was featured in a 1984 PBS series on the family, won a national reputation.

All this has given Bradshaw what he calls "a nice income that I'd never dreamed of having." He is redoing the Georgian-style home in an elegant Houston neighborhood that he bought from his wife Nancy after their divorce 2½ years ago, filling it with antiques, Indian artifacts and a collection of wizard figurines; his inner child, he says, is "fascinated by wizards." Shopping has become something of an obsession, and his tastes run to the opulent: his bedroom has purple wallpaper and a sleigh bed draped with a purple sari. He now has a second home: a Swiss-style chalet on a private 25-acre lake in Montana.

Prosperity has its price: Bradshaw has critics as well as devotees. Old-guard A.A. members are appalled by the way he flouts its tradition of anonymity, using his experiences as a recovering alcoholic as a launching pad for his views. Others raise questions about how lasting and effective his brand of "quick fix" self-help can be, especially for people who may be seriously troubled by long-term emotional problems. Some psychotherapists consider Bradshaw's approach to self-improvement overly simplistic and wonder whether his emphasis on early-childhood experiences gives people a con-



**"Tell the child,
I'm going to take
care of you. I'm
going to be your
champion."**

is too big for the TV screen. On stage he is commanding and works a room like a pro. Cordless mike in hand, he is a stand-up psychologist, slinging one-liners or deepening his voice to repeat self-pitying monologues from his drinking days: "There's nothing wrong with me. I'm a philosopher. I see the woundedness of life."

Bradshaw is a family tell-all in the public arena—you're only as sick as your secrets is the rule—but is reticent in private. Sipping a diet soda in a hotel room a few hours after the arduous Manhattan workshop, he acknowledges that his omnipresent smile sometimes hides more desperate feelings. His father's death at 62 haunts him ("That's just four years from now in my own life"), and he has lingering regrets about himself as a young father. He was married in 1969; he and ex-wife Nancy had a son and he helped raise her two children by another marriage. But during those years, Bradshaw says, he was a "rage-aholic," screaming and pounding the table over trivial matters and trying to make it up afterward. He and Nancy remain

venient excuse to avoid responsibility for their adult failures. Says Dr. Gerald Goodman, an associate professor of psychology at UCLA: "The way it sounds, if only we had got more hugs in our infancy, we'd be fine."

None of this bothers the thousands who attend Bradshaw's workshops. They are there, hankies in hand, for an orchestrated, emotion-laden family reunion with their inner selves. The dramatic set piece is an exercise that Bradshaw has recently started to call a collective grief ritual. "Now if any of you have a stuffed animal, you may want to hold it," he advises listeners just before the lights in the auditorium dim and a schmaltzy recording of Sibelius' *Going Home* begins its familiar strains. Many of his followers—casually dressed, of all ages—clutch teddy bears or plush puppies as Bradshaw's hypnotic voice rises above the music, instructing them to close their eyes and return to their childhood family home. "Go back there now," he intones, "and see yourself as the little child you once were." Take the child in your arms, he advises, and start walking away, looking back and saying goodbye to parents or siblings. "Tell the child, I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to be your champion." A wall of sound—of sobbing and weeping—usually rises in the auditorium.

An admitted ham, Bradshaw has a high-octane style that

frictions—she runs his tape-cassette business—but their marriage was troubled from the start. "My nonphysical incest put a distance about sexuality in my life," he believes. "You just lose desire." He now lives alone.

Being a father figure for millions is a lonely business. Last year all but six of Bradshaw's weekends were spent on the road. He plays golf with Houston cronies when he can and tries to schedule some seminars in Las Vegas and Reno so he can play the slot machines: he craves the excitement, not the winnings. For nine years he has been involved with a small men's support group in Houston, where he can unburden himself for his own sake, not that of others. "I need a place where I can be real," he says, but adds, "Not that I'm not real. I try to be."

At the conclusion of a workshop, when Bradshaw's interior odyssey has come to an end, he sends the crowd back out into the world on a tide of goodwill. The audience stands and sways. Everyone sings a repeated refrain. "We're going home—nothing can stop us now." The cheers and applause build, and from somewhere in the crowd, a loud voice calls out, "We love you, John Bradshaw!" The preacher-salesman smiles. His blue eyes light up for a moment, his inner child stirs, and he tells them, "Little John likes that." —*With reporting*

by Sophronia Scott Gregory/New York and Dick Woodbury/Houston

Environment

DOUGLAS W. HARTSHORN—SARAH L. LARSON FOR TIME



The whitefly sucks the juices from a plant, causing it to wither and die. Melons were the first victims, but the insect attacks virtually every fruit and vegetable—except asparagus.

Invasion of the Superbug

A voracious insect is chewing its way through California crops, and consumers across the U.S. may pay the price

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

By this time of year, fields in the Imperial Valley, which straddles the California-Mexico border, should be bursting with ripe melons ready for shipment to markets around the U.S. Instead, 95% of the fall crop has been lost and much of the rest lies rotting on the vine. Harvests of lettuce, broccoli, cauliflower, squash, citrus fruits, table grapes, sugar beets, carrots and cabbages are threatened as well. Total crop losses in Imperial County and nearby Riverside County have already reached \$90 million. Says melon grower Ben Abatti, who has been farming in the area since 1956: "It is total disaster."

The agent of disaster is a 3-mm (one-tenth-in.) insect known to scientists as the poinsettia strain of the sweet-potato whitefly but to farmers as the Superbug. Millions of these voracious insects have spread over the Imperial Valley, massing on the undersides of leaves and sucking plants dry, weakening or killing them in the process. Farmers first noticed the flies getting worse in July, and by September swarms of them looked like white clouds. They covered windshields and got stuck between people's teeth. Farm workers had trouble inhaling and eventually had to wear masks. Not since the Mediterranean fruit-fly scares of the early and late 1980s has California's \$18 billion agriculture industry, which during winter supplies close to 90% of the fresh produce in the continental U.S., been so alarmed by a pest.

The first hint of a visit by fruit flies is invariably met with quarantines and

airborne-insecticide spraying campaigns. The new Superbug has no effective native predators in California, and pesticides are largely useless against it. If it continues unchecked, Imperial Valley could be put out of business for months. That could cause an estimated \$200 million in farm losses by spring and higher prices at the produce counter. The wholesale price of melon has tripled, and by one reckoning, the average cost of a head of lettuce in a supermarket could go from \$1.19 to about \$1.50. In some areas, these foods may be in short supply.

California farmers have been fighting other types of sweet-potato whiteflies for years. But the poinsettia strain, so named because it first appeared in the U.S. on poinsettia plants in Florida greenhouses, reproduces twice as fast as its relatives and consumes five times as much food from its victims. It comes originally from somewhere halfway around the world, possibly Iraq or Pakistan, and apparently reached America in 1986, probably hidden away in a cargo shipment.

Florida is a little too cool and rainy, on average, for the Superbug's taste, and the infestation there was never as serious. But when the fly arrived in Southern California, probably in a fruit basket or vegetable shipment, it felt right at home in the dry weather and summer temperatures that can reach 46°C (115°F). Because the insect is happy eating some 500 varieties of plants (one of the only vegetables it doesn't seem to like is asparagus), it found the fertile Imperial Valley to be a veritable smorgasbord.

Since all pesticides approved for use in California have been ineffective against the bug, the best advice agriculture officials can give is for farmers to plow under devastated fields, denying the pests their food sources. In addition, roadways and ditches around the valley are being cleared of weeds that help sustain the whitefly. Farmers are considering a "host-free" period in which they will do no planting at all. Says John Pierre Menvielle, who farms 900 hectares (2,200 acres) in Calexico: "If that is what it takes, we will do it."

One possible long-term solution, says Nick Toscano, an entomologist at the University of California at Riverside, is a tiny stingless wasp that lives in the California desert. It lays eggs on the immature whitefly, and when they hatch, the baby wasps eat the fly. Other researchers are cross-breeding the poinsettia whitefly with more innocuous varieties in hopes of developing a mild-mannered hybrid that might displace the Superbug. In the next six or nine months, a team of scientists will leave for the Middle East in search of a parasite from the fly's native habitat that could combat it. A promising natural pesticide is neem-seed extract from the Indian *Azadirachta indica* tree. The bugbusters may have to resort to synthetic insecticides that are not approved in California but may have to be—in a hurry.

Unfortunately, that last option could end up causing more trouble in the long run. The toughness of the poinsettia whitefly has evolved over generations. "It has been exposed to pesticides for a long period of time and developed resistance," explains Toscano. Using new pesticides could halt the bug's advance for now—but given its ability to adapt, the result could be some sort of Ultimate Bug that would make Superbug look tame.

—Reported by

Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles

Television

Divorce, Bochco-Style

CIVIL WARS; ABC; debuting Nov. 20, 10 p.m. EST

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Pity the poor TV innovator; his work is never done. Steven Bochco changed the course of network TV in the early '80s with his breakthrough cop show *Hill Street Blues*. He opened new areas of provocative subject matter a few years later with his yuppie drama *L.A. Law*. Those hits were enough to convince ABC that Bochco was worth a long-term gamble: in 1987 the network signed him to a contract worth \$50 million, to develop 10 series during the next decade. Then Bochco had to face a

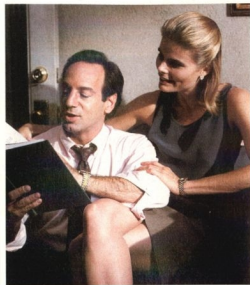
through the hour, a mix of social comment and sophomoric black humor, and a slick, upscale look. (Even the office secretary dresses like a *Vogue* model.)

But *Civil Wars* is bleaker and more brutal than anything Bochco has done before: an unrelenting parade of vengeful spouses, greed, infidelity, callousness and other mental cruelties. "You're bitter, you're needy, and you're gonna poison whatever and whoever you come in contact with!" shouts a husband at the wife he wants to leave because she has gained too much weight. (She actually looks pretty good.) A

rich couple bickers over custody of sterling silver soup tureens and antique snuffboxes, until a stenographer—who is struggling to pay her son's medical bills—blows up: "You have no idea what it's like to live in this city on \$26,000 a year!"

The show's dark tone has apparently given ABC executives some nervous moments. They reportedly asked Bochco to redo the first episode, adding some comic relief; it now contains a subplot about a woman seeking a divorce because her husband thinks he's Elvis. Other problems remain. *Civil Wars* has too little of interest going on outside the courtroom (no romance so far between Hemingway and Onorati), and its "lighthearted" moments are rather distasteful. One running story involves Hemingway's law partner (Alan Rosenberg), who has a nervous breakdown in the and returns later to do kooky things like barbecuing hamburgers in the office.

But Bochco may be smarter than ABC thinks. *Civil Wars* is a canny compendium of every relationship issue the '90s has to offer. And it feeds one of TV's most enduring myths: that the cold legal system has a human face. The moral high ground is always clearly marked—for the viewer, if not always for the judge. Lawyers, moreover, are warm, understanding and passionately devoted to their clients. Onorati, after negotiating a settlement for the "overweight" wife, accompanies her to her 20th-year college reunion. Hemingway pleads with one client, the wife of a sleazy rock musician, not to accept her husband's invitation for coffee. When the woman objects, Hemingway chides her like a protective sorority sister: "Hey, this is your lawyer talking."



Lawyers with heart: Onorati and Hemingway hit the books

really tricky problem: how to top himself.

For his first show under the new ABC deal, *Doogie Howser, M.D.*, Bochco tried a gimmick: a comedy about a 16-year-old genius with a medical degree. Then he turned experimental, adding musical numbers to a police drama and coming up with *Cop Rock*. The show failed with audiences, probably because Bochco did part of his job too well: the gritty cop scenes were so compelling that the musical numbers (which rarely measured up) seemed like rude interruptions.

Now Bochco has retrenched. *Civil Wars*, his latest drama series, takes him back into comfortable *L.A. Law* territory. Mariel Hemingway and Peter Onorati (a survivor of *Cop Rock*) play New York City lawyers who team up to handle divorce work. The Bochco trademarks are all here: three or four story lines interwoven



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It's a Steal

The world's cultural heritage is being looted by thieves who often have ties to organized crime—and even get help from the art world

By JAMES WALSH

► During the night of Feb. 2-3, 1990, masked men surprised six unarmed guards watching a storeroom in Herculaneum, ancient Pompeii's bedfellow in fate when Mount Vesuvius erupted in A.D. 79. After breaking through a wall, the thieves took four hours to select 223 of the most precious antiquities, as if they had a dealer's catalog in hand. Estimated value: \$18 million. None of the relics have resurfaced.

► On March 18, 1990, two thieves disguised as policemen entered Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, trussed up two guards and made off with a king's ransom: three Rembrandts, five paintings by Degas, one Manet and one of only 36 known Vermeers in existence. The Vermeer canvas was hacked from its stretcher, leaving chips of paint on the floor. At an estimated total value of \$200 million, it may have been the most lucrative art theft in history.

► On April 14, 1991, armed robbers raided Amsterdam's state-run Van Gogh Museum at night, cut the alarm system and spent 45 minutes picking out 20 works by the Dutch Impressionist. Thanks to a flat tire on the getaway car, the heist was short lived. Among the loot recovered 35 minutes later: *The Potato Eaters*, which had also been stolen in 1988, from another Dutch museum.

Total worth of the take: about \$500 million—assuming that such famous hot potatoes could have been resold.

The art of the world is being looted. From New York to Phnom Penh, from ancient ruins in Turkey to up-to-date museums in Amsterdam, precious records of human culture are vanishing into the dark as thieves steal with near impunity. Paintings, prints, statuary, rare coins, rare books and cultural treasures of every kind and all ages are being snatched.

Why not? The auction market may be faring poorly this season, but over the years an insatiable demand for artworks and antiquities has kept the price trajectory rising well above the rate of inflation. What used to be upheld as things of beauty or objects of veneration are increasingly traded like zero-coupon bonds or pork-belly futures. According to U.S. government estimates, "art theft is a \$2 billion-a-year business," says Constance Lowenthal, executive director of the nonprofit New York-based

TITLE: Storm on the Sea of Galilee

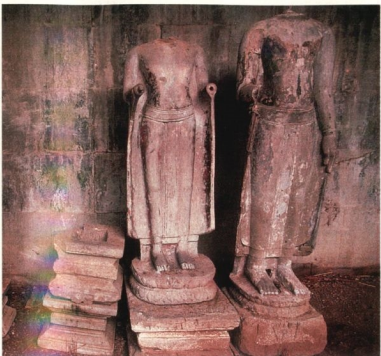
ARTIST: Rembrandt

Of all the irreplaceable creations stolen from Boston's Gardner Museum last year, this was the prize of prizes. Hijackers of such renowned works sometimes hold them for ransom; typically, 10% of market value. But in the Gardner case, the goods vanished without a trace. "We don't know where these masterpieces are going," says New York dealer André Emmerich. "Who is buying them?"



WORKS: Buddhist and Hindu statuary
ORIGIN: Cambodia

For a pittance, local thieves steal pieces later sold for many times more by dealers. Among the decayed monuments of Angkor, the 12th century Khmer capital in Cambodia's jungles, is a sculpture-laden courtyard known locally as the Gallery of a Thousand Buddhas. Only two of the statues today have heads. Says a village woman: "Bad people took them away."



International Foundation for Art Research. "But it could be much larger." *Trace*, a three-year-old British magazine that tracks art crimes, reckons the value worldwide at \$6 billion a year.

If *Trace*'s estimate is accurate, the take from museum burglaries, gallery heists, housebreaks and the looting of archaeological sites would rank as the world's third most profitable criminal enterprise, behind drugs and computer theft. More and more, art is becoming a prey of organized crime. Italy's single most valuable missing artwork is a Baroque masterpiece, Caravaggio's 1609 *Nativity*, which was stolen in 1969 from the Oratory of San Lorenzo in Palermo, Sicily. Investigators in Britain are now convinced that the painting, worth about \$50 million today, has been used by the Mafia as security for drug deals over the past 20 years. Kenneth Klug, a deputy special agent for the U.S. Customs Service, says his agency is "sure" that drug lords in Colombia's Medellín cartel "have priceless works of stolen art hanging in their villas."

Unless the thieves are caught in the act, stealing art and then selling it is remarkably easy. Ill-gotten Greco-Roman sculptures, Renaissance Bibles or friezes from an Egyptian Pharaoh's tomb can be iced away for a time and realize a generous return. In Switzerland, which treats goods in storage with the same discretion as bank accounts, a work can come out of a bonded free-port warehouse in Zurich or Geneva with clear legal title to the possessor after five years. In Liechten-

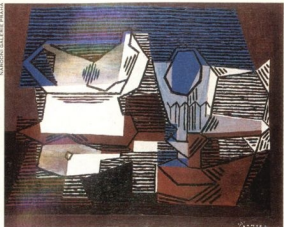
stein and the Cayman Islands, the term is seven days.

Police suspect the involvement of insiders in many artful scores. Early this year the Grand Palais in Paris spent \$1 million on extra security and \$590,000 on insurance for a major retrospective of Georges Seurat. The exhibitors grouped sketches together in cases and bolted paintings onto the walls. But a small Seurat drawing, *Le Cocher de Fiacre*, vanished after video and alarm systems had been turned off and before guards had started their rounds. The smell of a rat is even more pungent in raids on storage rooms. According to a police survey, 57.8% of all thefts of paintings and drawings from public collections in France between 1979 and 1989 were from storage spaces,

usually with no sign of forced entry.

If it were only a simple case of crooks vs. cops, art theft might be easier to control. But complicity is rife within the art world. Richard Volpe, who was an ace art detective with the New York City police for 25 years, contends that "the least guilty of all parties are the thieves." These "mules," he insists, "couldn't do it without the cooperation of gallery owners, flea-market purveyors, auction houses, museums, insurers, security companies, collectors and finally law-enforcement agencies. Everyone else either knowingly or through neglect gives the thief a leg up."

As investigators tell it, if a spectacular



TITLE: Table with a Chalice
ARTIST: Picasso

This and three other Picassos were stolen from Prague's National Gallery in May and, thanks to quick work by Czechoslovak and German police, recovered in July. Thefts in Eastern Europe have exploded in the aftermath of communism's meltdown. Many Western authorities fear that after 1992 the European Community's borderless market may only worsen the situation there too.

Art

WORK: Copper warrior ORIGIN: Peru

Grave robbing is rampant around the globe. Among a trove of artifacts found in the ruins of the lost Moche civilization in northern Peru, this statuette with turquoise eyes was dug up furtively by huaqueros, or grave robbers. U.S. sanctions against the black market in pre-Columbian art has slowed the trade, but an unknown number of archaeological sites have been devastated.



find comes with even the most thinly plausible paperwork documenting its origins, dealers generally leap at the chance to buy. Museums, those bastions of traditional culture, can also be compromised. Lowenthal points out that the Getty Museum, endowed by the late oil billionaire J. Paul Getty, has "enormous funds" and does not have to solicit donations to build its collection virtually from scratch.

Since 1988 the Getty has been embroiled in a dispute over a 7-ft.-tall marble beauty: a magnificent early 5th century B.C. Greek statue of a goddess, perhaps Aphrodite. Italy claims it was furtively unearthed in 1979 from the archaeological dig at Morgantina, Sicily. Some experts doubt that Morgantina, a onetime Greek colony, was the specific origin, but Italy is convinced the statue came from somewhere under its soil.

The Getty bought the Aphrodite for an undisclosed—certainly thumping—sum. Beforehand, it insists, it had sent out 20 letters reporting the acquisition to various Mediterranean countries. When Italian authorities later heard what the sculpture looked like, they blew a loud whistle. Since they had no conclusive proof, however, the Getty put its goddess on display. Says Jack Josephson, chairman of the U.S. Information Agency's Cultural Property Advisory Committee: "The museum's holier-than-thou attitude is in contrast to the facts. Where do they think it came from?"

Together with the U.S. Customs Service, Josephson's agency has helped stem the smuggling of archaeological loot from one region: Latin America. Plunderers of pre-Columbian sites used to have a field day rifling covertly excavated Mayan, Olmec and Incan ruins and shipping the artifacts north to a voracious U.S. market. In 1970 the UNESCO convention on cultural property established an international framework to curb pillage and the illicit

trade in artifacts. Among the rich countries that are the biggest markets for stolen works, however, only the U.S. and Canada signed the treaty. Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, the Low Countries, Scandinavia and Japan remain holdouts today.

"Our major concern," Josephson explains, "is that looting destroys the site where artifacts are found, thus wiping away a page of history forever." Turkey fears that an encyclopedia of history will be wiped out. Since the Neolithic Age, the Anatolian peninsula has been a crossroads of conquerors and civilizations. By official count, it is home to 20,000 monuments, 10,000 tombs, 5,000 mounds that may conceal buried settlements and 3,000 ancient cities belonging to 36 various pre-Turkish cultures. It is a virtual supermarket for antiquities—and looters take their fill.

"Nowhere in the world can you find such a quantity and variety of ancient art," says Ozgen Acar, a Turkish investigative journalist. In the "open-air museum" that is his homeland, he says, farmers go into hock to buy metal detectors, while Sotheby's and Christie's catalogs "sell better than Korans." One Turkish case, tied up in litigation since 1986, involves the country's claim on the Lydian Hoard, a famous collection of 250 gold and silver wares. New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, which bought the pieces, does not acknowledge that they came from Turkey.

Source countries themselves bear some blame. Turkey, Egypt, Israel, Greece, Italy and other nations claim state ownership of

all artifacts underground, but cannot afford what they promise to pay for any finds. Says Josephson: "An Egyptian farmer will not report an archaeological find for fear his fields will be confiscated. So he either throws the object away or sells it to a cousin in Cairo." Though a peasant who finds an artifact makes a small fraction of its retail value—one contraband Cambodian Buddha head on sale in Hong Kong recently carried a \$37,000 price tag—it is better than nothing.

Unidroit, a Rome-based intergovernmental organization, is drafting codes that would harmonize many countries' cultural-property laws and make the UNESCO treaty more acceptable. Interpol and other enforcement agencies are hoping that

computer files—once the many different police computers can talk to one another—will help further.

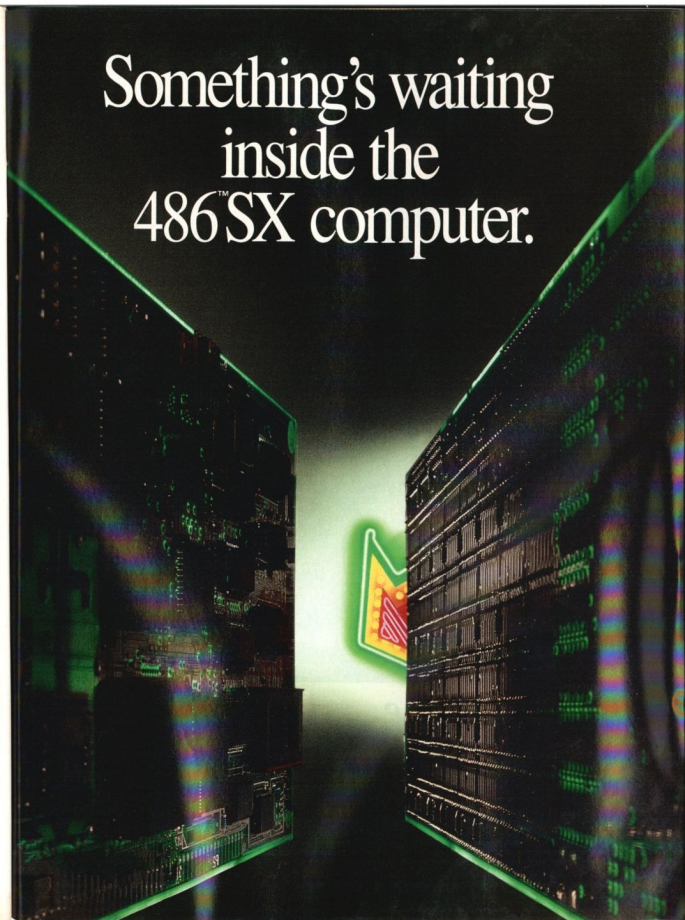
Yet the attitude of purchasers to whom the illicit trade panders is not something laws can change. When taxed with blame, art connoisseurs and dealers grow philosophical: they insist that they are rescuing pieces from an uncertain fate, that they are better equipped to maintain and protect much artwork and that in general, cultural property ought not to recognize frontiers. Lowenthal herself admits, "A heritage is also a splendid ambassador of the country's culture to the rest of the world."

J.H. Merryman, a Stanford University law professor who specializes in cultural property, declares, "The misty-eyed romantic sophomores who contend that everything should go back because it is Greek or Turkish patrimony are irrational. Museums have a purpose. Collectors and dealers can be engaged in legitimate activity. The fact that a piece came from a particular country does not automatically give that country an over-powering right to it. It might be better taken care of, better displayed, seen by more people, in a museum in a different country."

His point is not idle, and many scholars would rush to defend it. Still, when an Etruscan tomb is emptied, a church desecrated, a Mayan temple bulldozed and a museum Vermeer yanked from its frame, it is hard to see how rich societies, let alone poor ones, can enjoy art in peace for long. In turning a blind eye to the canker that feeds on it, the art world is losing security, losing art and losing its soul.

—Reported by Mary Cronin/New York, Victoria Foote-Groenewell/Paris and James Wilde/Ankara, with other bureaus

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Theater

Playwright's Own Story

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA by Endesha Ida Mae Holland

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

The average middle-aged American has lived through astonishingly rapid social change. Civil rights movements have uprooted corrupt political systems and brought security to people who used to live in fear. Higher education has expanded beyond a narrow elite. The structure of society no longer depends on—in fact it deplores—the orderly confines of having everyone “know his place.” These facts are so overarching that we tend to take them for granted, but they are inherently more dramatic than the domestic squabbles and psychological revelations at the heart of most U.S. theater. It is the daring, and impressively achieved, ambition of Endesha Ida Mae Holland to make this act of change the subject of a single play and to illuminate it all in the more-or-less true story of one black woman: herself.

From the *Mississippi Delta*, which opened off-Broadway last week after extensive regional tryouts, blends folktales, childhood memories, salty down-home sociological observations and blues and gospel standards with Holland's unabashed “confessions.” Raped in childhood, a prostitute as a teenager, she eventually earned a Ph.D. and now teaches American studies at the State University of New York at Buffalo. The first act, about the world she came from, is



Williams, Walker and Bruce in the life of Holland, inset

diffuse, as much panorama as autobiography. The second is more tightly personal, yet it too derives from the oldest notion of the theater—as pure storytelling. Three stunningly gifted women describe and enact the many characters. Sybil Walker excels in sly and sassy moments, Jacqueline Williams in raucous and unaffected ones, and Cheryl Lynn Bruce radiates quiet

strength. They share roles, including that of the author, with a fluidity that makes an extremely theatrical event seem natural and engagingly offhand.

At the center is the writer's bond with her mother, an uneducated but adept midwife who, in vintage American style, inspired her children to make something of themselves by seizing opportunities she never had. Her foibles and uproarious back-country ways are evoked unflinchingly but without disrespect. It is a measure of Holland's gifts (and of Bruce's acting) that the mother never seems a plaster saint, even when she is a true martyr—fatally burned in a house fire that was apparently retaliation for the daughter's civil rights activism.

Holland's talents shine in the scenes of her rape, on her 11th birthday by a white town elder, and her mother's murder. She has an infallible ear for the emotional pace of a scene, letting the horror be just blunt enough for just long enough, then segueing into the release of laughter. She finds the right detail: the raped child from the shack's eyeing an exquisite carved bouquet on the banister as she struggles back downstairs; dogs sniffing at a patch of the mother's burnt skin scraped onto the sidewalk. Her dialogue can

jolt the audience with the unexpected, sometimes twice within a few words; just after her rape, the girl regains pride by scorning childish pleasures, saying she feels she is “a woman now—an old woman.” And she utterly avoids self-pity. Instead this unforgettable play is steeped in the writer's, her mother's and her region's jubilant zest for life.

Milestones

CONVICTION REVERSED. Of **John Poindexter**, 55, a National Security Adviser to President Ronald Reagan, who was found guilty last year of conspiracy and making false statements to Congress about the Iran arms-for-hostages deals; in Washington. A federal appeals court ruled that witnesses at Poindexter's trial may have been prejudicially influenced by their exposure to his 1987 testimony before the Iran-contra congressional committees.

DIED. **Tony Richardson**, 63, director who helped lead the “Angry Young Man” revolution in British drama in the 1950s and '60s; of AIDS; in Los Angeles. Richardson won acclaim for his staging of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* in London in 1956. He directed Laurence Olivier in the film *The Entertainer* (1960), Osborne's

stinging portrait of a played-out song-and-dance man. Richardson won a 1963 Academy Award for Best Director for his uproarious version of *Tom Jones*, which was replete with speeded-up motion, freeze frames and direct-to-camera narration.

DIED. **Paul-Émile Léger**, 87, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal from 1950 to 1967 who startled Canadians when he announced that he would quit his position to go to Africa to minister to lepers and handicapped children; in Montreal. Léger was a leader of the progressive forces at the Second Vatican Council, urging that the princes of the church give up some of their ostentation and that the church show greater respect for other faiths. After touring African leper colonies in 1963, Léger decided to work in Cameroon. He ex-

plained that he had “reached the age where a certain sclerosis of soul and body might set in.”

DIED. **Hanson Baldwin**, 88, veteran military analyst of the New York *Times* who won a 1943 Pulitzer Prize for his reporting of the war in the Pacific; in Roxbury, Conn. An Annapolis graduate who served in the Navy during the 1920s, Baldwin joined the *Times* in 1929. In 1937 he warned of America's unreadiness for war, and in 1941 he predicted “another quick and decisive German victory” over the Soviet Union. In 1965 Baldwin advocated sending up to a million American men to fight in Vietnam while acknowledging that such a course would cause the war to be “long, nasty and wearing”; the *Times* ran an editorial denouncing his hawkish stand.



Willis, Hanks and De Palma on the set: it's de-frightful, it's de-vicious, it's...

Show Business

A Goner from the Git-Go

Last year's fizzled *Bonfire* is elegized in a book bristling with cruel Hollywood wit

By RICHARD CORLISS

You loved the book! Now see the movie! That's how Hollywood used to sell films based on best sellers. But if the film is a notorious flop, like *Cleopatra* or *Heaven's Gate* or last year's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, the pitch is, You hated the movie, now read the book about how this bad movie got made—and how it got made so bad.

Julie Salamon, film critic of the *Wall Street Journal*, got to watch the accident in slo-mo close-up. In *The Devil's Candy: The Bonfire of the Vanities Goes to Hollywood* (Houghton Mifflin; \$24.95), she tracks all the bollied decisions that made the bosses at Warner Bros. wonder why they green-lighted *Bonfire* and vetoed *Home Alone*, and director Brian De Palma feel like an Iraqi army general. "He couldn't imagine," Salamon writes, "what it would be like to go through all this for a bad movie."

As it happens, *Bonfire* was only an ordinarily bad film and an ordinary box-office bomb; Robert Redford's *Havana* cost as much and earned far less. The reason *Bonfire* was a goner from the git-go is that it was based on the one '80s novel every media savant had read and, mentally, already filmed. Even a reverent adaptation would have been fitted with an Armani shroud.

But *Bonfire* had its crape custom tailored. Consider the casting, on both sides of the screen. Producer Peter Guber and screenwriter Michael Cristofer, who had earlier coarsened John Updike's novel *The Witches of Eastwick*, were the wrong gents

to midwife Wolfe's book. So was De Palma, whose vision is all muscle, no finesse. Tom Hanks lacked the slick stature of Wall Street wizard Sherman McCoy (Wolfe wanted Chevy Chase). Melanie Griffith was no slinky Circe (De Palma wanted Uma Thurman), and Bruce Willis was hardly a desiccated Brit (John Cleece said no thanks). Finally, for reasons of ethnic balance, Morgan Freeman replaced Alan Arkin as a righteous judge, who in the book was a Jew. The novel they said couldn't be filmed... couldn't. Not by these folks.

The Devil's Candy is full of cruel Hollywood wit, and Griffith is a particular butt of the bitch-and-moan. Looking at screen tests that showed bags under her eyes, co-producer Fred Caruso snapped, "Use Preparation H. That'll shrink 'em." Months later when Griffith appeared on the set seemingly with pontoon implants in her breasts, the team sighed again. No one, evidently, suggested Preparation H.

The book could stand some shrinkage too—and some expansion at both ends. Because the fatal decisions were made at the hiring stage, Salamon gets the main story secondhand. Nor does she offer a critique of *Bonfire*. Does she think it deserved its bad rep? Was De Palma a victim? Or are grossing the only reviews that count?

This is an expert coroner's report that could have been a requiem for a bloated industry. But in its malicious detail, the book verifies a Hollywood truism: not that it's a tragedy when a movie goes wrong, but that it's a miracle when anything goes right. ■

Music

Dashing and Demanding

With a superb new album, U2 reinvents itself

By JAY COCKS

Here we all were, fretting over the parous state of rock, and help was on the way even while we were dithering. All of a sudden there's a clutch of superb albums out there: Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes' *Better Days*; Robbie Robertson's *Storyville*; Van Morrison's *Hymns to the Silence*. And now, to put the caper on the company, U2's dashing, demanding *Achtung Baby*.

This new 12-song collection, the first since the band's *Rattle and Hum* of 1988, has something in common with all the other good stuff currently in circulation. It has the raucous, free-for-all spirit of the Jukes; it shares the narrative ambition and sense of musical mystery of *Storyville* (the band collaborated with Robertson, in fact, on a tune on his first album); and it taps into the same deep Irish roots, at once weird and winsome, as does Morrison, who is a kind of godfather to all Irish rockers.

But U2 does something unique here. The band not only reasserts itself but reinvents itself too. After *Rattle and Hum*, there was some thought that it had overreached itself, gone a little too mainstream, got a little too big even for its own grand ambitions. *Achtung Baby* restores U2 to scale, and gives the band back its edge.

The album is full of major-league guitar crunching and mysterious, spacy chords. Evanescent melodies float seamlessly between songs of love, temptation, loose political parable and tight personal confession. The notes credit all songs to the band collectively—lead singer Bono of late had taken a separate credit for lyrics—and *Achtung Baby* does sound more cohesive than anything else U2 has done. *Tunes like The Fly* are restless, even reckless, with invention, and the band can write ravishing, slightly eerie romances like *Mysterious Ways* better than anyone else who can fill a stadium with cheering fans. There's a lot indeed to be cheered on *Achtung Baby*. And celebrated. It's a monster. ■



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Keep an Eye on the Furniture

The visual voodoo of an Addams Family portrait and the shimmering spell of a Disney cartoon are triumphs of style

By RICHARD CORLISS

Let's go see a movie. O.K. But what do we see? Often, we see what we hear: the dialogue that makes us laugh, or the music that cues our tears. If we do look at a film, it's to watch the actors' fine faces emoting at high pitch. Everything else, everything that touches our senses more subtly—the lighting, the décor, the very design of the film—is just furniture. We go to Macy's for that stuff, not to the movies.

As if in splendid conspiracy, two new films insist on being stared at. They can get away with this affront to dullness because they are for kids, whose eyes have not yet been educated to squint, and because they have the cartoonish spirit. *Beauty and the Beast*, a fairy tale, is Disney's 30th animated feature; *The Addams Family*, a comic ghost story, is a flip book based on Charles Addams' drawings. Both films are defiantly artificial, with fancy musical numbers and design schemes that carry not only the mood but most of the humor. And both movies have talking furniture.

The anthropomorphic fixtures in *The Addams Family*—the fidgety hand, groaning gate, turbulent books—will be familiar from the TV series (1964-66). But there's an upscale imagination at play in this live-action film. Director Barry Sonnenfeld and writers Larry Wilson and Caroline Thompson can mine as hearty a laugh from the preposterously banal floral pattern on the Addamses' sofa, or from the picture-perfect contrast of bulbous-eyed Raul Julia (as Gomez Addams) and slinky Anjelica Huston (his wife Morticia), as they can from Morticia's order to her daughter: "Wednesday, play with your food!"

This *Addams Family* is basically a series of variations on TV's sick joke of domestic normality. When the children try to sell lemonade to a girl who insists that it be made from real lemons, they ask if her Girl Scout cookies are made from real Girl Scouts. Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) may have

spent too many years in the Bermuda Triangle—could be he's not really Uncle Fester—but plot twists need not concern us. It's the filigree work that's worth watching.

Beauty and the Beast, directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise, is more imposing, close to seamless. Its animators' pens are wands; their movement enchants. Enchantment is at the heart of the story too. A selfish prince (voiced by Robby Benson) lives under the curse of a righteous witch: that he be a beast, confined to his castle, until he can love

and be loved. Pretty Belle (Paige O'Hara) will be his cure—if she can shake off her revulsion at being his prisoner and shiver out of the clutches of Gaston (Richard White), a way-too-handsome galoot. In effect, she is trapped between two wolf men. She can see through Gaston's looking-glass ego, but it takes time for her to find the vulnerability within the Beast's barbaric, heroic grief. He must be feared, then pitied, and finally loved.

With an emotional resonance rare in movies and a pleasing score by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken, *Beauty and the Beast* gets the comic leavening it needs from a nice modification of the Seven Dwarfs. The prince's household staff, who labor under the same curse, have been changed into candlesticks (Jerry Orbach), teapots (Angela Lansbury), clocks (David

Ogden Stiers) and armchairs (Jo Anne Worley). In the *Be Our Guest* number, watch closely for the swimming spoons, the dishes stacked in Eiffel Tower formation, the tankards in chorale. The voluptuousness of visual detail offers proof, if any more were needed after *The Little Mermaid*, that the Disney studio has relocated the pure magic of the *Pinochio-Dumbo* years.

Both *B&B* and *Addams* are about, and in favor of, what was once known as class. They side with the aristocrats of style—the haunted prince of *B&B* and Gomez, a suave prince of darkness—against the booisie that presumes to understand and overthrow them. The films' makers are saying that style is what matters. The Beast must learn to chew his food and tamp down his temper and dance without crushing Belle before she can accept him. As for Gomez and Morticia, who moonily recall their first date ("a boy, a girl, an open grave") and rhapsodize about their last ("our lifeless bodies rotting together for all eternity"), they have kept romance fresh by doing what many a middle-aged couple have done. They've created an alternative reality of games, memories, silly endearments—strategies designed to keep the real world out of their dual fantasy.

Falling in love and staying there, these movies say, is a challenge of art and artifice. Like making a comedy of insane décor, or remaking a tale as old as time. *The Addams Family* turns voodoo into visual wit. *Beauty and the Beast* casts its own shimmering spell.



How to handle a woman: in *Beauty and the Beast*, with rough words and sweet music; in *The Addams Family*, with games and silly endearments

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The 30-Year Writer's Block

After much advance praise and even more delay, Harold Brodkey finally finishes his long-awaited first novel

By STEFAN KANFER

As the 1960s began, Farrar Straus & Giroux announced the imminent appearance of Harold Brodkey's first novel. In the late 1970s Knopf announced the imminent appearance of Harold Brodkey's first novel. This year Farrar Straus again announced the imminent appearance of Harold Brodkey's first novel. By now readers could hardly be blamed for wondering

ple who talk to me are right," he told an interviewer, "well, to be possibly not only the best living writer in English but someone who could be the rough equivalent of a Wordsworth or a Milton is not a role that a halfway educated Jew from St. Louis with two sets of parents and a junkman father is prepared to play. In daydream, yes. In real life, no."

In daydream the novel was always approaching the finish line. In real life Brod-

dangerous a message, but maybe I'm flattering myself."

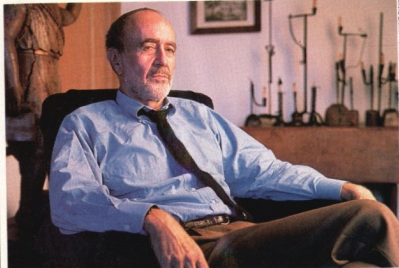
Only the work would tell, and that was invisible. Until this month. At the age of 61, Brodkey has at last released his magnum opus, *The Runaway Soul*. Physically, it is the long-awaited Big Book. Whether *The Runaway Soul* deserves 835 pages and a price tag of \$30 is another matter. For if this is not the Emperor's New Novel, neither is it *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Insofar as there is any plot, *Runaway Soul* tracks the arc of Wiley Silenowicz, born like his creator in 1930. Nothing is left out, from birth to the loss of his parents, to adoption by S.L. and Lila of St. Louis, through skirmishes with his sadistic older stepister Nonie to encounters with a homosexual cousin, to the death of mother and sibling, to Wiley's predictably awful marriage.

En route Brodkey produces some apt similes—"The intimacy of a head near one's own is like the lights and doorway of a house." And he has a phenomenal memory for childhood experience: the arbitrary behavior of giant adults, the sudden emotional squalls, the vivid contours of sounds and light. Once the narrator ventures out to adolescence and beyond, it is a different story.

In an effort to render sensation into language, Brodkey becomes precious, arch and even incoherent ("Rage or quasi-pietistic acceptance, I distrust the wavering tick-tockishness of the shrinking and of the dangerous enlargement of the self"). When he is at his most lucid, Brodkey is at his most self-indulgent, particularly on the subject of sex. Straight or gay adventures leave Wiley dissatisfied, possibly because he spends so much time observing his own reactions. "I became," he notices after one bedding, "laboratoryish about entering and going in and out watchfully, thoughtfully." Given the narrator's vanity, that is inevitable. All along, the man has been harvesting every possible compliment, from a notice that half the old women in the neighborhood have a crush on him to a judgment that he is "nationally smart."

Throughout these encounters Brodkey's invented terms—"mouthy eyes," "doomfully"—attempt to be Joycean. They are more reminiscent of Humpty Dumpty, to whom a word meant whatever he wanted it to mean. But three words keep the definitions Webster's *International Dictionary* assigned to them: I, my, me. Take those away and *The Runaway Soul* would be a very brief tale indeed. Much has been made of the author's investigations into the permutations of desire. The chapter headings are instructive here. Some are merely labels: "Nonie in Love," "The River," "The War." But one of the earliest says volumes about the volume to follow. It is titled "The Masturbation." ■



Brodkey in New York: "I'm one of the people that people fight over."

if the book was the Great Pumpkin of American literature.

And yet as he traveled from publishing house to publishing house, the author lost no adherents. For almost three decades, Brodkey managed to preserve his high reputation on the basis of two books of evocative short stories and a handful of magazine pieces. No other contemporary writer has so successfully disproved the adage that you can't live on promises.

The Brodkey legend took wing after his debut, *First Love and Other Sorrows*, was published in 1958. Several critics dubbed him the American Proust. Susan Sontag chimed in: the author was "going for real stakes." Yale professor Harold Bloom burred, "If he's ever able to solve his publishing problems, he'll be seen as one of the great writers of his day."

No one seemed as impressed by all this as Harold Brodkey. Consciously or unconsciously, he used the encomiums as a strategy for not producing. "If some of the peo-

ple tiptoed around his writer's block, became the father of a daughter, then went through a divorce from the woman he had met as a Harvard undergraduate. After a long bachelorhood he was introduced to novelist Ellen Schwamm. Two weeks later, she left her husband of 23 years and moved into Brodkey's cluttered Manhattan apartment. They were married in 1980. He supported himself by teaching part time at Cornell, developing scripts at NBC and artfully freelancing. He advertised himself as "an incredibly good dinner guest."

The quieter his typewriter, the more voluble Brodkey seemed to be in person. When he was not doing riffs on his own horn ("I'm one of the people that people fight over... It's just possible I am the voice of the coming age"), he was appraising fellow authors with faint damns. "What's the point of talking as if I were Mailer or Updike?" he demanded. "I don't have the guts they have. I could defend myself by saying that they're not carrying so

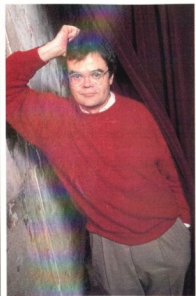
Books

The Ghosts of Studio B

WLT: A RADIO ROMANCE
by Garrison Keillor
Viking; 401 pages; \$21.95

By JOHN SKOW

When Garrison Keillor reinvented the radio variety show some years ago with his *Prairie Home Companion* program Saturday evenings on public radio, the driving emotional force was a shameless, moony nostalgia for the never-was. But misty reminiscence taken straight out of

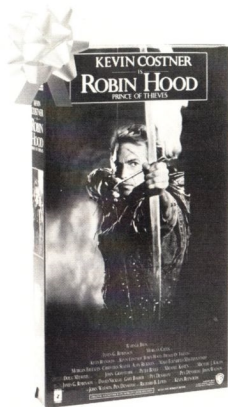


Keillor: a mix of longing and exasperation

the bottle is saccharine. What gives Keillor's wambles about Midwestern small-timers their cutting edge (they continue on his new *American Radio Company* show) is a rare mix of exile's longing and eye-rolling exasperation. Were we really that awful, and was it really that grand?

These are the elements, more or less, of this loopy, endearing novel (the author's first, it is surprising to realize) about the early days of radio. The time is the mid-'30s, the place is Studio B of Station WLT, Minneapolis. There is a jinx on Studio B, "the snakebite studio at WLT, the tomb of the radio mummy . . . Dad Benson gasped for breath during *Friendly Neighbor* and two huge flies dove into his throat and almost choked him . . . Reed Seymour once got the hiccups in there so bad his partial plate came off and he had to gum the news. And a week later, three of the Shepherd Boys, a gospel quartet, slipped in and quiet-

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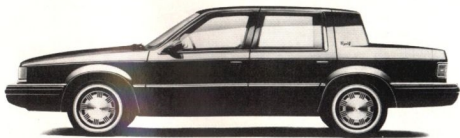
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Books

ly de-panted him during a long account of a tragic house fire leaving 6 Persons Dead in St. Paul. He kept talking but he yipped twice when they pulled off his shorts."

The rubes out in radioland believe everything they heard, and some of the performers did too. Dad Benson ladled out cow-chip philosophy on or off mike, effortlessly spooning out such nifties as "East or west, home is best. There's no summer without winter... Hunger makes the beans taste better." But Marjery Moore, who played sweet, 10-year-old Little Becky on Dad's show until she was a raunchy 29, was a Camel-smoking delinquent who learned "within days of coming on *Friendly Neighbor* that she could get a big rise out of the radio folks by saying things in her Little Becky voice, such as 'Hi, mister, want to see my panties?'"

Even after WLT is making big money, owner Ray Soderberg is worried about radio's insubstantiality, which seems to him "like running a hotel with no rooms, just a lobby." He broods about the false bonhomie of fathead announcers, the fake warmth of radio stars laying on the charm to sell you hair tonic. But the big money keeps getting bigger.

That was then. Glory days, but as the years and the story's somewhat invertebrate plot progress—Keillor's authentically rural narrative method is infinite digression—the pickings thin out. Like the rest of WLT's hayseeds and gallus snappers, the Shepherd Boys begin to lose listeners. In their prime, Keillor relates, they "could kill a quark like it was lemonade and then they would jump in the sack with anything in high heels, hop out and sing 'The Old Rugged Cross,' and feel so good, they'd jump right back in." Maybe they still could, given the chance, but unemployment looms. With Frank White, the author's bright-eyed hero, they are exiled to the sticks, sent on the road "in an old schoolbus, rattling from one end of the five-state area to the other playing \$15 dates at high school assemblies and insane asylums and sleeping in your clothes on couches and eating slabs of grease and enduring the shame and the squalor until one day your mind snapped and they found you in your underwear crawling down a corn row in Kandiyohi County with an empty in your hand."

This is ranting excess of the finest quality, and a case could be made that its author is the most gifted and prodigious humorist the U.S. has heard from since the old steamboat pilot ran aground. Prophetic stuff too. One doubter, foreseeing the twilight of radio, broods that "they will invent something. It'll have the same effect as bourbon but it won't give you headaches or upset the stomach, so it'll be used even by the kiddos. It'll earn gazillions. And boys, they are not going to deal us in on that hand." What Keillor has sketched is the West in Spenglerian decline, with cable and pay-per-view just beyond the horizon. ■

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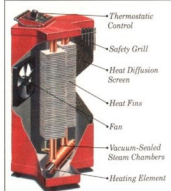
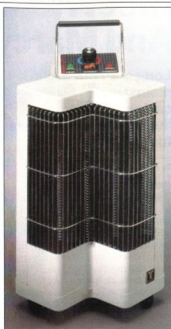
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TIME, NOVEMBER 25, 1991

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103

Blondie, Meet Herb And Marcy

Long shut out of the mainstream, black cartoonists are now livening up the nation's funny pages

By JANICE C. SIMPSON

For years, the funny pages have been no laughing matter for blacks and other Americans of color. They seldom saw themselves in newspaper comic strips, which were as segregated as the society whose goings-on they caricatured. Suddenly, however, the color barriers are falling down. As rap music goes mainstream and movies by black directors like Spike Lee and John Singleton become mass-audience hits, African-American cartoonists are tickling the public fancy in newspapers across the country.

Four of the artists have joined the big leagues of national syndication within just the past three years. The most successful is Ray Billingsley, 34, of Manhattan, whose *Curtis* strip follows the adventures of a youngster growing up in an inner-city neighborhood; the cartoon appears in 200 papers, including the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*. *Jump Start*, by Robb Armstrong, 29, of Philadelphia, chronicles the day-to-day experiences of Joe and Marcy Cobb, a young working-class black couple, in such papers as the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Dallas Morning News*. Stephen Bentley, 37, of Duarte, Calif., has developed a following for *Herb & Jamaal*, a former professional basketball player and his childhood buddy who decide to run an ice-cream business together. This month the trio will be joined by Barbara Brandon, 32, of Brooklyn, N.Y., the first black female cartoonist to get nationwide exposure. Brandon draws *Where I'm Coming From*, a Feifferesque view of life seen through the eyes of a group of black female friends.

The young cartoonists sketch situations and issues that affect people of any race, but they treat them with a distinctively black sensibility. Says Brandon: "A lot of what I deal with is universal, but I do it the way we talk about it." Thus when Brandon's character Lydia is considering a name for her baby daughter, her friend



BILLINGSLEY

"Growing up, I had no characters to relate to," recalls the Manhattan-based artist, who has been selling his work since he was 12. Curtis, his cartoon alter ego, artfully balances the grim realities of inner-city life with the lighthearted fantasies shared by youngsters everywhere. Says Billingsley: "I've always tried to do what I call the thinking man's comic strip."

BRANDON

The Syracuse University-educated cartoonist draws on personal experience and that of her girlfriends to create the decidedly feminist characters in *Where I'm Coming From*, the first strip ever to deal with the lives of African-American women. Some male readers have accused her of male bashing, but, says Brandon, "I just put down faces that were familiar to me."



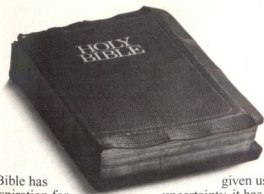
suggests African-sounding names like Imani and Shafiq before Lydia decides to pay homage to the soul-and-gospel singer Aretha Franklin. Bentley's *Herb* wakes up with the universally shared problem of "morning breath"—and the specifically black hassle of "morning hair."

More serious concerns also work their way into the strips. "My editors wanted me to keep all politics out," says Billingsley. "But I couldn't do that. Too much of black life is politics." Last summer he tackled the issues of drug abuse and teenage pregnancy in a se-

ries of panels in which Curtis' younger brother discovered a crack baby abandoned in a Dumpster by its 14-year-old mother. Curtis' father takes the baby to the hospital and, with Cosby-like wisdom, reminds his sons—and the readers—of the horrors of drug use.

Such realism is a long way from the days when blacks showed up in comic strips primarily as demeaning stereotypes. "At the most extreme," says Steven L. Jones, a Philadelphia-based researcher in black popular culture, "they used an eight ball for a face, with large eyes and a line for a mouth with a

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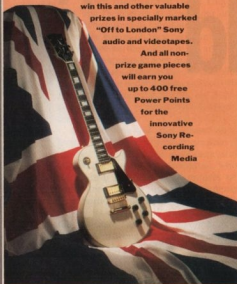
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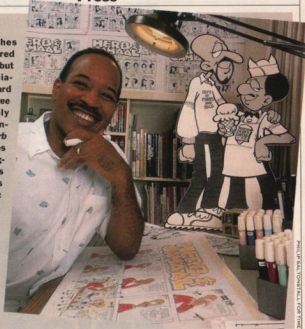


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Press

BENTLEY

The original sketches for his strip featured white characters, but when the California-based illustrator heard that the Detroit Free Press was actively seeking black comics, he created Herb & Jamaal. References to famous black figures like Miles Davis pop up often. Says Bentley: "Ethnic identity plays a large part in who these characters are."



shadow around it to represent oversized lips." The crude caricatures gave way to less offensive images during the civil rights movement. A black playmate, Franklin, joined the *Peanuts* gang in 1968; the Afro-wearing Lieut. Flap became the resident militant in *Beetle Bailey* in 1970. Subsidiary characters popped up in other strips. The movement got an even more important boost when editors drafted black cartoonists and illustrators such as Morrie Turner and Brumsic Brandon Jr., Barbara's father, to create new strips like *Wee Pals* and *Luther*, in which blacks were the main characters.

When racial concerns fell out of favor during the 1980s, black faces faded from the funny pages as well. *Wee Pals*, which once appeared in 109 papers, is now carried in fewer than 50; *Luther* ended an 18-year run in 1986. In the '90s, however, a growing number of editors at major urban dailies have begun to look at black comics as a way to attract new readers in a time of changing demographics and declining readership. "My community happens to be largely black, and we know young readers turn to the comic pages," says Marty Claus, an editor at the Detroit *Free Press*. Claus is credited with igniting much of the renewed interest in black strips; three years ago, she actively solicited submissions from black artists for the newspaper, and now includes four black cartoonists among the 32 strips she carries. "If young black people see no black faces, we're sending a message that we may not intend," she says.

Just putting *Blondie* in blackface isn't enough. Today's readers expect truly authentic slices of the black experience—and

at the same time are more sensitive than ever about how that experience is portrayed. Nervous editors often urge artists to do stories that avoid prickly issues. "They really don't want a black strip. They want a *Peanuts* in Coppertone," gripes old-timer Turner, who says he has softened the attitudes of some of his *Wee Pals* characters to appease the powers that be.

The younger generation is far less conciliatory about making such changes. "The early complaint from the syndicates was that my strip was all women and it was black," says Barbara Brandon. Rather than alter her work, she waited two years until she found a syndicate that would let her do it her way. Now she routinely treats issues like color differences within the black community and the tensions that exist between black men and women.

Some resistance remains: many newspapers are still reluctant to run more than one black comic strip an issue, even though black artists cover the same gamut of styles and story lines as their white counterparts. "You have to fight a certain amount of response that we already have a black strip," says Sarah Gillespie, director of comic art at United Feature Syndicate, which distributes *Jump Start*. But the favorable response to the breakthrough artists is having a ripple effect. Earlier this year, Gibson Greetings began marketing a line of cards featuring Armstrong's likable Joe and Marcy. Barbara Brandon is discussing plans with manufacturers to put her characters' faces on coffee mugs and T-shirts. "Comic strips are the best visual barometer of the culture," says comics historian Jones. "They reveal the pulse and the heartbeat of what the country is about." Increasingly, the beat has some soul to it. ■

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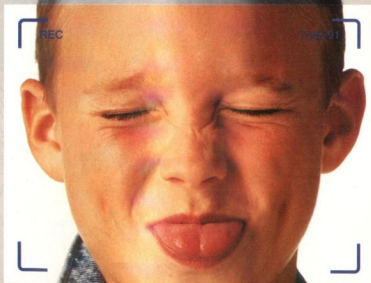
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People

By SOPHFRONIA SCOTT GREGORY / Reported by Wendy Cole



Daring Diva

Have another look, folks. For once it's not Madonna, but MTV's "JUST SAY JULIE" BROWN rolling around in her underwear. She satirizes the Material Girl in *Medusa: Dare to Be Truthful*, an hour-long romp to premiere on Showtime next month. The fictional Medusa performs a concert during a volcanic eruption, gets electrocuted onstage and warbles hit tunes such as *Vague* and *Like a Video*. Brown says she hopes the pop queen will enjoy the parody. And if she doesn't? "How's she going to sue?" quips Brown. "She's Miss Freedom of Expression."

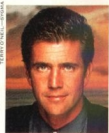


In His Face

It's not enough for Connecticut Governor **Lowell Weicker** to enjoy opera from his car stereo. He likes to get in on the act as well. He'll make his singing debut this week in the Connecticut Opera's production of *The Barber of Seville*. Disgruntled taxpayers may have a say on the stage too. Weicker's role as chief of police calls for him to get a cream pie smacked in his face, and the opera company ran a contest to find two lucky constituents to do the honors. Says Weicker: "If it expands the message of culture around the state, it's well worth it."

Eating

Those Hollywood benefits! Stars in elegant evening wear, flashing camera bulbs, **Mel Gibson** and **Cybill Shepherd** on the floor eating rice with their hands. Don't laugh—that may be the scene this week at the Hollywood Hunger Benefit for Oxfam America. The event illustrates the world's un-



even food distribution. Guests will draw straws to decide who will be among

the 15% to have a stuffed-chicken dinner while 25% eat rice, beans and tortillas. But the bulk of the party (the other 60%) will sit on the floor and eat rice off paper plates. Though the event may exude questionable taste, an Oxfam organizer defends it as "not an emulation of suffering. It's about empathy toward suffering."

Sib Songs

Whether you loved it or hated it—and it was easy to do both, because it powerfully portrayed each of those emotions—it was hard not to be blown away by **Michael Jackson's** new video when it made its debut last week. With mind-boggling effects and a hodgepodge of imagery, the 11-minute *Black or White* took viewers from a home in suburbia to the plains of Africa to a series of faces melting one into another with *Terminator 2* fluidity. In fact, the video's wizardry and



crotch-grabbing wildness overshadow the music, which is far from the cutting-edge sound fans are used to hear-



ing from Jackson. But the crotch-grabbing was too much for those with children watching. Complaints caused

the singer to cut a 4-minute sequence.

The song's album, *Dangerous*, will share shelf space with an unscheduled offering from Michael's brother **Jermaine**: the original version of *Word to the Badd!!* The song is critical of Michael: "Once you were made/ You changed your shade." The words were rewritten for Jermaine's new album, but radio stations played bootleg copies of the original.

But don't expect a continued family feud. The brothers spoke face to face recently for the first time in eight months.

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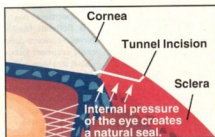
However, with improvements in a process called phacoemulsification (using ultrasound to remove the cataract in small pieces), the cataract can be removed through a microscopic incision (1/8 inch) about one-fourth the size of that needed in traditional surgery. Phacoemulsification, coupled with advances in the design of artificial lens implants used to restore vision, led to *small incision cataract surgery*—providing patients with a more rapid recovery of vision.

To learn whether small incision or No-Stitch cataract treatment is appropriate for you, contact any of the institutions and surgeons listed on the opposite page.

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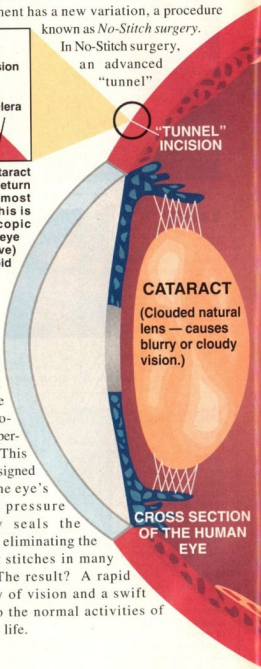
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incision design creates a small flap through which the entire procedure is performed. This flap is designed so that the eye's internal pressure actually seals the incision, eliminating the need for stitches in many cases. The result? A rapid recovery of vision and a swift return to the normal activities of everyday life.



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Essay

Michael Kinsley

David Duke and American Decline

Our mental image of a major nation in decline is Britain. And, in retrospect, the British handled their decline pretty gracefully. In just a couple of generations Britain sank from economic and political superpower to second-rank member of a second-rank regional bloc. Yet the transformation happened without much domestic rancor, despite Britain's supposedly bitter class divisions. At worst, the general attitude was a certain sullen resignation. At best, there was a jolly, fatalistic insouciance. The Brits almost seemed to enjoy their ride down.

America will not be so lucky. In David Duke, we have seen the face of American decline. Of course you can argue about whether the United States has entered a long-term decline similar to Britain's. And even if it has, you can argue whether politicians of one party or the other have the right formula for reversing course. But if decline is America's destiny, American society is not likely to take it as mildly as Britain did.

America is so much more diverse and so much more contentious. Americans may be about to discover just how much of our ability to get along with one another has depended on that spiritual sense of American manifest destiny—and, more practically, on a steady rise in the average person's prosperity. For almost two decades now this rise, which Americans take as their birthright, has stalled or at least slowed dramatically. David Duke is a political expression of that reality.

The former Nazi and Ku Klux Klan Grand Wizard ran for Governor of Louisiana in a campaign based on an open appeal to white people who feel they are being cheated of their American birthright by blacks, immigrants, liberals, New Yorkers and similar bogeys.

The message is enticing because people are frightened about their standard of living. Yet whatever you may think about affirmative action, immigration and other "hot button"

issues, economic stagnation is far more responsible than these controversial social policies for the sense of shrinking opportunity off which the David Dukes feed. When the pie isn't growing, people become more obsessed with their slice.

America is not homogeneous. We have no ethnic or religious bonds to unite us. We are proud of having built a working nation out of so many disparate parts, and proud of the tolerance that has made that possible. But was ever increasing prosperity the crucial glue? It's easy to welcome newcomers to the party when the banquet table is overflowing. It's easy to settle disagreements by splitting the difference if there's plenty to go around. In bad times hospitality shrivels and disagreements fester.

Firm class divisions may actually have helped Britain weather its decline. They made for social stability. By contrast, America's social stability came from opportunity. Our "classlessness," as many observers have noted throughout the years, has always rested on the possibility of self-improvement. With unlimited opportunity, no one ever needed to feel stuck in his or her place.

The first time people worried that this special American dispensation might be ending was a century ago, with the end of Western expansion. The West was America's social safety valve. American philosopher Henry George went even further. In his famous book *Progress and Poverty* (1879), he wrote that the empty West was responsible for America's egalitarian and optimistic spirit. "The child of the people, as he grows to manhood in Europe, finds all the best seats at the banquet of life marked 'taken.' " Freedom from such limitations, George believed, could explain "all that we are proud of in the American character." But this gift was imperiled, he predicted, now that "our advance has reached the Pacific."

Henry George was wrong. Geography ran out but prosperity didn't. America remained the land of opportunity. But he was right that America's sense of itself as a nation is wrapped up in the promise of ever rising prosperity in a way that is not true of other nations. The closing off of the West didn't shut the social safety valve, but a long period of stagnation might. Geographical claustrophobia didn't pervert the American character, but economic claustrophobia could do so.

The current wave of "declinism" got its start with Paul Kennedy's 1988 best seller, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*. That book posed a conundrum: a nation's military strength rests on its economic strength, but economic strength tends to wither when a nation devotes too many resources to the military. "Imperial overstretch," Kennedy called it.

The world has changed since 1987, and the danger of the United States bankrupting itself through military overextension seems a lot slimmer. Furthermore, the thought of losing our status as a military "great power" with defense commitments all over the world does not traumatize most Americans, I suspect. What does traumatize Americans is the thought of economic stagnation as a permanent condition.

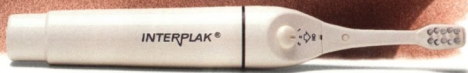
But there's another conundrum: the politics of decline produce exactly the wrong formula for reversing the economics of decline. The result: as decline becomes more evident, it also becomes harder to correct. We need politicians who can persuade the voters to make short-term sacrifice for long-term gain, and small personal sacrifices for the good of society as a whole. Yet the more people suffer from economic claustrophobia, the less amenable they are to such an appeal. Instead, they listen to David Duke, who tells them that Others are stealing their life-style.

It's an oddity of today's populist rage that it is directed at Washington rather than the more traditional target of Wall Street. That could change, and the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* are fools to be so gleeful. If the general sense of a nation in decline is not reversed, there will be plenty more David Dukes in America's future, looking for fresh scapegoats. ■



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